THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. LVIII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 725 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1879. $2.00 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 40.

WHAT SICKNESS MEANS.

Lines Composed on the Death-Bed.

BY MRS. GENERAL GRAM.

Loved ones, ye whose tender pity
Soothes and comforts all my pain,
Ye are wondering why your praying
Seems an asking all in vain:
Ye are wondering why I suffer
In the spring time of the year,
When e'en to the plants and flowers
Blessed spring-time brings good cheer.

Loved ones I am with our Father,
With a loving, trusting heart;
He has called me from the great world
To a little room apart;
And with looks of love so tender,
That my soul can ask no more,
'Twixt the world and all its gladness
And myself He's shut the door.

For he has such words to whisper
As must be in quiet heard,
For his sweet voice is so low toned,
Noise might make me lose a word;
Sickness means so close to Jesus,
In a little room apart,
With a shut door that each whispor
Through the ear glides to the heart.

Loved ones the shut door will open
When the whispering is done,
And I leave the darkened chamber
Not a sad and weary one;
Not a soul that has been smitten
By a cruel, stinging rod,
But a mortal blest and strengthened
By an interview with God.

INEZ;

—OR,—

LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

PERHAPS no one ever felt a greater shock of surprise than did Lord Lynne when he awoke on the morning following the scene in the boudoir. It rushed upon his mind as soon as his eyes were opened to the light of day. He, who only yesterday was thinking of going abroad, was now the betrothed husband of one of the loveliest and wealthiest women in England, and she loved him. Ah, how she loved him! The remembrance of the joy that had flashed in her face, the silent happiness that entranced her as he spoke, came vividly before him. This glorious beauty, with her wealth and talent, her genius and grace, loved him who had never felt anything but the calmest brotherly affection for her. The young heir of Bohun loved her; the gay and gallant Captain Marchmont had laid his fortune at her feet; but she cared for none save him. A hundred resolutions of love and devotion crowded into his mind. He would make her happy. She should never know that her passionate tears and sighs had moved his heart to pity; she should think he loved her above all else, even as she loved him. He would forget Agatha, whose sweet face haunted him. After all, was he not to be envied? Who was more beautiful than Inez? Who had her Southern grace, her wondrous genius, her rich voice, and her warm, loving heart? He remembered her on the night he had played Romeo, how those dark eyes fell before his gaze, and he wondered how he could have been blind so long. He seemed to hear again that cry, "I love him so much!"

Yet in some way he shrank from telling his mother the news; nor did he seem in any hurry to descend to the breakfast room. When he did so, his first thought was one of wonder at his delay, for there, next to his mother, sat a fair and radiant girl whom any man would have been proud to claim. The rich flush that crimsoned her face, the sly, sweet glance that half met his, stirred his heart, and he felt that he had won a prize. He could not go near her, for the Countess of Strathdale and Lady Victoria had remained for the night, and were now seated in great state at the breakfast table. His almost undivided attention was given to them. Her ladyship's carriage was ordered at last, for she had promised to lunch at Bohun Court, and Philip, despite his impatience, could not leave until both ladies were seated and the coachman had received his orders. Then he turned to look for Inez, but she had vanished from sight.

"Mother," he said to Mrs. Lynne, "will you walk up and down the lawn with me? I have something to say to you."

"Find me a shawl," said Mrs. Lynne, with a smile, "and then I will walk as long as you please."

But when her son had fastened the cashmere over her shoulders, and had placed her arm in his, he walked by her side in silence for some minutes.

"I thought you wanted to talk," said his mother, with some amusement. "What is it? Have you settled anything about your journey?"

"No," he replied; "I had quite forgotten it."

"Ah, my dear boy," interrupted Mrs. Lynne, "I wish you would renounce the idea. I would give all I have in the world to see you settled and happy. Do not be angry now with me if I ask you one question."

"Ask what you will," he replied.

"Tell me," she said, "how it is you do not ask Agatha Lynne to be your wife? If I know anything of a young girl's heart, I am quite sure she is not indifferent to you."

Lord Lynne attempted to speak, but the words died away upon his lips.

"I would never advise you to marry for money; and I think your uncle's will cruel and unjust; still, Agatha is so sweet and gentle; out of all the world, she is the girl I should have wished to see your wife."

Mrs. Lynne waited for a reply, but none came; her son was thinking that at any price, he would keep his cousin's secret to himself.

"I cannot understand your indifference," said Mrs. Lynne. "I used to think you loved Agatha. Now with Inez the case is different—she is very beautiful; but there is something so inscrutable in her, I can never fancy any one loving her."

"Hush, mother!" he cried, "I brought you here to tell you that Inez has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Lynne dropped the arm she was holding, and looked up into her son's face with astonishment.

"Inez!" she cried, at last; "why, Philip, how can that be? I thought you loved Agatha, and she cared for you."

"That was a mistake, mother, he replied, lightly; "Agatha has always thought of me as a dear cousin and a true friend, but nothing more."

"Of course you know best, my dear," said Mrs. Lynne, meekly. "I will never pretend to any judgment again."

"But you do not say one word, mother," he replied, half impatiently. "I thought you would be so delighted to know that I was going to marry and settle, as you call it, at last."

"So I am, Philip," said Mrs. Lynne. "Do not mistake me. I forgot my happiness in the greatness of my surprise. But I never saw any signs of love in you for Inez."

"You will welcome her as your daughter, will you not?" he asked.

"That I will," she exclaimed, warmly. "You know, Philip, I have always stood a little in awe of her; she is so beautiful and stately; so reserved, and unlike our English girls. But I will go to her at once; she shall find no want of love or welcome in your mother."

Philip watched his mother as she re-entered the house. Perhaps for half a moment something like a sigh trembled on his lips as he thought how differently both he and Mrs. Lynne would have felt had Agatha been his promised bride; then he reproached himself for his injustice. Had not one refused him, while the other had lavished a world of love upon him? Even Mrs. Lynne reproached herself, and felt that she had never done Inez justice, when the young girl clasped her arms round her, laying her beautiful head upon her mother's shoulder, and promised that she would always be to her a devoted and most loving child.

"I cannot see any reason for delaying your marriage, Philip," said Mrs. Lynne to her son. "We shall soon have May here; indeed it is spring now. I saw crocuses and violets this morning. You must ask Inez if she has any objection to being married in May."

When Lord Lynne proposed that question to his beautiful Inez, she smiled, and said in reply, that she considered it the brightest and fairest month in the year.

"But you know the old superstition," she added, with a smile—"May marriages are proverbially unlucky."

"I do not believe it," he exclaimed, warmly. "What is the origin of that superstition?"

"I do not quite remember," she replied; "but I have heard it several times."

"Then, Inez, let us prove its falsity, darling. As far as human eyes can see, there is nothing to cloud our future," he said. "We have youth, love, happiness, wealth, position—everything, in fact, that could be wished for. What bad luck can come to us, even supposing the foolish legend to be a true one?"

"I cannot see any," she replied, in a tremulous voice, "unless——"

"Unless what, Inez?" he asked, seeing that she hesitated and looked at him, her beautiful eyes humid with tears.

"Unless you cease to love me," she exclaimed.

"The sun must cease to shine, and the flowers to bloom, my own heart must cease to beat, and grow cold, before that time comes," he cried, passionately, for the loving face turned to him touched him inexpressibly.

"We will—if you consent—show how fortunate and blessed a May marriage can be," continued Lord Lynne. "Say, when the month of flowers comes round, Inez, may I claim your promise?"

So it was arranged that the twentieth of May should be the wedding day of Lord Lynne. It was now April. The time was short enough; for Mrs. Lynne was anxious to attend to the wedding dress of her daughter-in-law elect, which was of unrivalled magnificence. Lord Lynne was constantly engaged; settlements and deeds had to be prepared, and he had arranged a charming surprise for Inez. The family jewels, that had never seen light since Agatha's mother, Lady Lynne, had worn them at her last ball, twelve years or more ago, were all to be reset and presented to her.

"She will be peerless," thought the young lover; "she was born to live in magnificence. Diamonds will add to her beauty, and she will wear them with the grace and dignity of a queen."

Many were his consultations with the celebrated jewelers in Bond street before that matchless *parure*, admired by the whole fashionable world, was finished. And so time ran on until the first of May come round.

CHAPTER XII.

"THE first of May," said Mrs. Lynne to Inez one beautiful morning. "The flowers and birds seem to know May has come. I shall soon have a daughter of my own, Inez."

The beautiful proud face softened, and the rich voice whispered some loving words, that cheered the mother's heart. Lord Lynne was in London—he had been there for more than a month—and he was not expected home until the sixteenth. He was busily engaged in furnishing and preparing one of the finest mansions in Belgravia for his wife.

Mrs. Lynne and Inez lingered over the breakfast table. They had much to discuss, and the hours passed pleasantly enough, until the little ormolu clock upon the mantlepiece chimed twelve.

"How late we are!" cried Inez; and just at that moment a footman announced Mr. Bohun to see Miss Lynne.

"Poor Bertie!" said Mrs. Lynne to her young companion. "I quite forgot to tell you, Inez, his regiment is ordered off to Canada. He has come to say good-bye to you, no doubt. Be kind to him, my dear—he is going into danger, if not to death."

Something like remorse and pity smote the young girl as she noted the pale face of the young soldier.

"I have just heard the news, Mr. Bohun," she said, holding out her hand to him. "I am very sorry we are going to lose you."

"You are very kind, Miss Lynne," he replied, with the least touch of bitterness, "I am glad to go; for many weeks now I have longed to be off to the wars."

"You like active service," she said, coldly.

"Yes," he replied; "and I should like anything better than staying to see you married. You laughed at me Miss Lynne, the last time I dared to tell you something of the love that has made me blind and deaf and careless to all but you. You laughed at me, and in your heart you called me a foolish boy, did you not?"

"I never intended anything unkind to you," she replied, proudly. "I have always liked and esteemed you."

"Have you?" he cried, his honest young face brightening at her words; "then I am happier, for I thought you despised me for loving you so much. I could not help it, you know. I have never been presumptuous in my folly. I was never mad enough to dream that you would love me. But if you were to ask me for my life this moment I would give it to you; and if ever you want a friend, remember my words, that I will give my life to serve you."

"Thank you," she said, simply. "If the time should come when I want you, I shall not forget."

"I should like to hear from your lips," he continued, "that you are happy. It will comfort me when I am far away to think of you as bright and radiant and beloved. If I fall, my last thoughts will be of your face. Tell me, do you love Lord Lynne?"

"I do," she replied. "If it will make you happy to know that I am happy, I will tell you that my heart has no wish left ungratified."

"I am heartily glad," he said; but the brave young face turned a shade paler. "Will you tell me the day for your wedding? I shall be upon the blue sea then, but I shall like to know it."

She told him the twentieth of May; then he rose and held out his hand.

"I must not detain you," he said; "but Inez—Miss Lynne, I have given you all the love of my heart. The world is all over for me. I can care for no woman living after loving you. Before I go, will you say to me, 'God bless you, Bertie!'"

Tears rose in those dark eyes as she uttered the words. He bent his noble head before her and kissed the little white hand that lay in his own. With the quick, warm impulse of her southern nature, she touched his brow with her lips; and she never forgot the expression of his face as she did so. He spoke no word, but in another minute he was gone.

During the remainder of that day Inez was haunted by poor Bertie's face and the sound of his voice.

The day was drawing nearer, and one thought began to agitate the beautiful bride elect. How would Lord Lynne and Agatha meet? She wished it were over; and yet she whispered to herself that nothing could go wrong. On her wedding eve he would be engrossed with her. She called herself weak and fanciful, but there was an ever-haunting dread, 'Suppose anything should happen!' It would kill her now. She could not bear to think of it. With care and caution, by constantly watching her sister, she could avert anything that seemed dangerous; and again in

the hour of her triumph she wished, but wished vainly, that she had done nothing to cause her to fear.

She had purposely invited Evelyn Leigh to be one of her bridesmaids, thinking she would engross Agatha's notice. They were to reach Lynnewolde three days before the wedding, and on the day appointed she awaited their coming anxiously. She dreaded the first look at her sister's face. If it should be pale and sad, and if those gentle eyes wore that pained wandering expression that she remembered so well, what should she do? Mrs. Lynne wondered why that beautiful southern face looked so pale and agitated as the carriage stopped at the door. For one moment, at the sound of Agatha's voice, a mist swam before her eyes, and she could see nothing; then it cleared away, and she saw before her the same sweet face with its delicate color. There was no trace of sorrow on those calm features, no cloud of grief in those dove-like tender eyes. Her sister looked a little thinner and more thoughtful; the child-like gaiety had gone; but it was not a sad face upon which Inez gazed with curious wistful eyes.

The relief was great, for the fear had been great. Agatha did not quite understand why, when her sister caressed her, she left two burning tears upon her face; even Evelyn thought how tenderly the bride loved her sister.

The whole country-side was ringing with the coming marriage. No one could be more popular than the young Lord of Lynnewolde; no one more admired than his beautiful young bride. The county papers were in ecstacies; they discussed the magnificent preparations at the Hall, the number of bridesmaids, the superb wedding presents, the arrangements for the marriage and the ball to be given in the evening. They likewise informed the public that immediately after the ceremony the happy pair would leave for Ross-y-Glynn, a small estate in North Wales, belonging to Lord Lynne. After the honeymoon they were to proceed to London, where Lady Lynne was to be presented at the drawing room announced for the twenty-fourth of June.

The morning of the nineteenth arrived bright and beautiful—no cloud in the sky; Nature seemed to have donned her fairest robes; the soft Spring air bore the perfumes of flowers and the music of birds.

"If to-morrow is as bright as to-day," said Mrs. Lynne to Inez, "you will have a glorious wedding-day."

The magnificent bridal costume, ordered expressly from Paris, had arrived, perfect even to the last detail. The bridesmaids' costumes were all ready; the wedding cake, which was really a work of art, had arrived; the wedding breakfast was laid out in the long dining room, and a more magnificent display had never been seen in Lynnewolde. The four young ladies who were to join Agatha and Evelyn were staying at the Hall, and every one seemed devoted to the queen of the festival, the beautiful bride elect.

"What time do you think Philip will really arrive?" asked Inez of Mrs. Lynne.

"About six, I think. I have ordered dinner for seven," was the reply, and the lady smiled to herself as she looked at the wistful young face.

No one noticed how unequal were the bride's spirits—one moment flushed and laughing, looking like the queen of mirth and revelry; then pale and silent, with shadowed eyes.

"Courage," she said to herself, "one trial more and then my triumph is complete."

Yet, despite her bravery, her face and lips turned white when she heard the noise and confusion of her lover's arrival. She was in the drawing room with Agatha, Evelyn, and Allan Leigh. Mrs. Lynne had gone to meet her son. Perhaps Inez never suffered greater suspense than in those few moments. Her eyes seemed magically attracted to Agatha's face. If she should faint when she saw Philip again, then he would question her, and the whole story must come to light; but Agatha showed no signs of fainting.

"That is my cousin," she said, when the sound of a gentleman's voice was heard. The color did not vary in her face, her lips did not quiver, nor did her voice tremble. She stood near the door when he entered, and his first words were addressed to her. Inez watched them so eagerly, she hardly seemed to draw her breath. Quite frankly and calmly Agatha held out her hand, and spoke a few words of kindly greeting to her cousin. Just as calmly Philip replied, and then passed on.

Inez sank back in her chair—the ordeal was over; they had met and no sign showed that they had ever been more than friends. Lord Lynne thought her pale face and quivering lips were caused by her emotion at seeing him, and he loved her the better for it.

But she had yet another ordeal to pass through, even more terrible.

When dinner was over, they adjourned to the large drawing room.

The party was a large one; beside the six assembled bridesmaids, there was Allan Leigh, who on the morrow was to officiate as "best man," and several other gentlemen, wedding guests. The evening was warm, and the large French windows were opened to admit the sweet, soft breeze.

Lord Lynne had established himself by the side of his fair fiancee. Agatha and Allan were perhaps the merriest couple in the room.

Suddenly some thought seemed to strike Lord Lynne, and turning to Agatha he said, in a low voice:

"I have something very particular to say to you. Will you come into the conservatory with me for a minute? I will not detain you long."

No one heard his words except Inez, and the next moment Agatha had gone towards the conservatory followed by Lord Lynne.

A clear conscience is the happiest and greatest blessing that man or woman can enjoy. There are no words in which the feelings of that beautiful girl can be described. A deathlike pallor stole over her face; her dark eyes had a wild, perplexing look. She did not speak nor move, but sat like an image of despair.

"It is all over," she cried, in the depth of her heart; "there is sure to be some explanation between them, and I am lost."

The white hands were tightly clenched, and she listened in sickening suspense for the voice of her sister or lover.

Minute after minute passed, and still they came not, and despair took the place of hope in her heart.

At length, after what seemed to her hours of torture, she saw Agatha slowly approaching her.

"Inez," said her sister, bending over her, "Philip wants to speak to you; come with me."

The last hope died in that proud passionate heart. She rose haughtily, and walked with the dignity of a queen through the long drawing room.

"I have fought my fight," she said to herself, "and have failed. Still, I know how to bear defeat."

But when she reached the conservatory, instead of the pale stern face she expected to see, Philip stood before her smiling and bright as he had been when he quitted her, and in his hand he held a large jewel case. In one moment, with her quick unerring instinct, she divined that she had been mistaken—that she was still safe.

"I am afraid I am a very awkward lover," said Lord Lynne, with a smile. "I wanted to offer you my wedding gift, Inez, and I have been obliged to consult Agatha as to whether I should do it now or not. She thinks perhaps you will like to wear my gift to-morrow, so I offer it to you this evening."

A low sigh of unutterable relief escaped from her lips as Philip opened the case and she saw the magnificent parure of diamonds that had driven half the fashionable ladies in London wild with envy.

"How am I to thank you?" she said, raising her dark eyes to his face.

"By always looking as beautiful when you wear them as you do now," was the gallant reply.

Then Agatha kissed her, and wished her joy and happiness, without one shade or cloud upon her sweet face, and went out, leaving the lovers together.

* * * * *

No one round Lynnewolde will ever forget the wedding day of its young lord. The sun shone brightly, the very bells in the old church tower seemed delirious with joy. The rich feasted in the hall, the poor on the lawn. Bon-fires blazed; and flags, banners, and triumphal arches met the eye at every turn. It was a scene of gaiety and happiness never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

A more beautiful bride or fairer bridesmaids were never seen. Sorrow and sadness seemed far as death from that noble and brilliant throng.

The last face Lady Lynne saw as she drove away from home, the last smile that greeted her, were the face and smiles of the gentle sister she had betrayed.

CHAPTER XIII.

It is something worth living for to be perfectly happy even for one day. Lady Lynne was even more fortunate; she was perfectly and entirely happy during the "golden" months she passed with her husband at Ross-y-Glynn.

She had said to herself that she would make him happy—and she did. She studied his every wish and every thought; and yet, wonderful to relate, never wearied him, but left him always longing for her to speak again.

Nor were those quiet weeks all given to love making; Inez imparted to her husband some of those ambitious hopes and daring wishes she had for him.

He listened, lost in wonder at the talents and beauty of the young girl he had made his wife. At first her views and plans dazzled him; but, after a time, he took great delight in them, and then longed eagerly for their completion.

"I should never have dreamed of becoming a politician but for you, Inez," he said to her one morning. "You have so completely fired my ambition, that I shall never know rest again until I have obtained some, at least, of the fame you predict for me."

Then, for the first time, Philip Lynne felt it was fortunate for him that his gentle cousin had rejected him; she would not have urged him on such a career as the one which his brilliant, beautiful wife painted in such glowing colors. He remembered the time, in the annals of his family, when the Lynnes had been second to none in the kingdom. Why should he not restore even more than its ancient glory to the name? Let him but once get into Parliament, and then England should hear of the Lynnes again.

His wife's plan was the surest and safest to follow. They must keep to their original intention of going to London, and there they must win a foremost place among the great and noble. There was not much doubt of it, he thought; and again he gloried in the wondrous beauty he had won. He was proud of her—devoted to her; he appreciated her rare genius, but he did not love her as he would have loved Agatha, had she been his wife. It was rather the love that springs from admiration than from affection.

Lady Lynne had already gained wonderful influence over her husband. Never was tact so great or so delicate as hers. She studied his character, she knew every weak and strong point in it; she knew how to appeal to his high and noble feelings, to urge, to rouse, and counsel him. He thought her the greatest and cleverest of women, and often wondered in his simple humility how she ever came to care for him.

They had arranged to leave Ross-y-Glynn about the eighteenth of June. Lady Lynne was to be presented at the drawing-room to be held on the twenty-fourth. There was a long discussion between them upon one point. Philip was anxious that Agatha should be presented with her sister, and have the advantage of passing the remainder of the season in London.

Inez did not know how to object to what seemed a sensible and kindly arrangement. There was not one single reason that she could bring forward against it; nor, when she came to consider the matter, did she care much about interfering. Both Lord Lynne and her sister were far too honorable, she knew, to allude, however distantly, to any attachment that might previously have existed between them; there was no fear; besides, she would be always near.

So the invitation was sent, urgently worded by Inez, with a postscript from Philip, begging his mother to accompany Agatha to London. But Mrs. Lynne, fatigued by the festivities attending the wedding, begged this season to be excused. Their cousin, Lady Eversleigh, would have great pleasure in presenting her beautiful young relations at Court.

"I long to see London," said Inez to her husband, when they were seated in the railway carriage. "I have seen nothing of the world at present. I long to take my place in it, as a soldier longs for battle. Shall I like London, Philip?"

"I think so," he replied. "It is not so gay, perhaps, nor so beautiful as Paris, but I would rather live there than in any other city in the world. Life always seems to me twice as full and complete in London."

"Perhaps English ladies may not like me," said Inez, half-timidly; "I am so very Spanish in appearance."

"I must not flatter you, Inez," replied Lord Lynne, smiling quietly; "but I prophesy you will be the belle of the season."

"That will be something new for me," she said.

"Was your life in Spain so very lonely?" asked Philip, gently.

"Very," she replied; and the beautiful face grew pale and sad.

"We must make it up to you now," said her husband, kindly. "You shall enjoy yourself just as you like, and crowd as much pleasure into each day as you can. It will be doubly pleasant for you to have Agatha with you."

Great was the delight of Lady Lynne when she saw the magnificent home prepared for her. She had married entirely for love. If Philip Lynne had been penniless and obscure, she would have preferred him to all the world beside; but she loved splendor, and her heart rejoiced in the superb and luxurious appointments of her new home.

It was evening when they arrived, and dinner was served up to them in the stately dining room.

"You must go to rest early to-night, Inez," said her husband; "late hours will begin soon enough. Agatha will be here to-morrow, and Lady Eversleigh will call. She will take you to Madame Nevers to choose your court costume. You must wear your diamonds; mind, Inez, we must do all honor to the Lynnes of Lynnewolde."

On the day following Agatha arrived. Mrs. Lynne had found an escort for her. At three, Lady Eversleigh called, and both sisters were charmed with her. She was not beautiful, nor even pretty, but she possessed that incomparable and irresistible gift of fascination given to so few—high bred and amiable, piquant and pleasant in conversation, with manners at once gentle and dignified. Lady Eversleigh had been for some few years one of the leaders of *ton*. Her delight was unbounded at making the acquaintance of her beautiful cousin, and her eyes were at once riveted on that lovely Southern face.

"Properly managed," said the lady to herself, "Lady Lynne will make a perfect furore."

Agatha was fair and sweet, but her English face and golden hair paled before the lustre of the radiant Andalusian.

There was a long debate about the costume; but it was settled at once when Lady Eversleigh saw the magnificent parure of diamonds. She pronounced in favor of white satin.

"Nothing else," she declared, "would go with those superb stones."

Lady Lynne may be pardoned if she did utter an exclamation of surprise when she saw herself for the first time in Court costume. It suited her regal style of beauty to perfection. The gleaming satin, the sweeping train, the courtly plumes, and the rare diamonds, made up a picture such as one seldom sees, and Lady Eversleigh gazed at her in wonder and delight.

Agatha, though less magnificently attired, looked very fair and graceful, for Lord Lynne and Inez had presented her with a beautiful suite of pearls, which suited her delicate beauty as well as did the diamonds the regal and brilliant bride.

Even Lord Lynne held up his hands with a comic gesture of surprise when he beheld his wife.

Lady Eversleigh smiled gaily at him.

"You will see," said she, "what comes of this. Do not be be surprised if my cousin becomes a star."

* * * * *

Lady Eversleigh did not prophesy wrongly. The beautiful Lady Lynne created a perfect furore. She became the reigning belle of the season. Fashionable papers described her movements, told of the balls she attended, the operas she heard, and people raved about her.

She was so unlike English beauties; that glorious Southern face won tribute from poet and artist, and people would even delay balls and parties in order to secure her attendance. Her dream was indeed realized—the world lay at her feet.

It was not only her matchless face, but those who visited Lady Lynne were charmed by her rich, passionate voice; Venetian barcaroles, French chansons, Italian love ditties, old English ballads—all were familiar to her; and those who heard her sing never forgot it.

Another discovery was made. Lady Lynne was not only the possessor of a perfect face and one of the most beautiful voices ever heard, but she had a great gift of conversation. Her bonmots were repeated everywhere, and the gentleman esteemed himself fortunate who managed to converse with Lady Lynne.

Whenever she appeared, a crowd of fashionable admirers surrounded her. No one enjoyed her success or gloried in her triumph more than Lord Lynne. He saw that she cared for no admiration but his. She never wished to attend the most brilliant fetes unless he was with her. No society had any charm for her, save his. At any time she was only too happy to give up ball or party to spend a quiet evening with him. The world saw with wonder this devoted and most unfashionable attachment of the young wife to her husband.

"I never was made for fashionable life," said Agatha, one morning, with a dreary sigh.

It had struck twelve, and the two sisters still lingered with Lord Lynne over the breakfast table.

"Serious reflections generally come in the morning," said Lord Lynne, with a smile. "What is the matter, Agatha?"

"We have three more balls this week," she replied, "and I am quite tired of glitter, and music, and heat."

"You need not stay long at any of them," said her cousin.

"I should never be brave enough to ask Inez to leave early," she replied. "What would all her admirers do? I am longing for Lynnewolde again. I feel thankful that it was not my fate to be a lady of fashion."

Yet Agatha had been warmly admired, though not so much as her beautiful sister; but she had received sufficient homage and admiration to have made any young lady pleased with the London season. She liked to see Inez so popular. No shade or thought of envy ever crossed her mind.

Every day brought fresh triumphs to Lady Lynne. Philip wondered at times that her head was not fairly turned by the homage and adulation offered to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The advertising columns of the *Nebraskian* are filled with rude wood cuts of cows, each with a particular brand on her side, and her ears trimmed into irregular shapes. These are the herdsmen's announcements of the way in which their stock is marked for identification, so that when the beasts get astray on the prairies, or are stolen they may be readily traced. The variety of cows' ears must be great out there, for in these pictures may be found specimens of square, triangular, three pronged, and irregularly notched ears, no cow having ears that match each other.

England is the chief market for our hog product; France comes next.

BURIED AT SEA.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

There is a star in the gloaming,
There is a gloom on the wave;
And away, far away in the distance,
A true heart has purchased a grave—

Has purchased a grave with his life-blood,
A grave in the never-still deep,
And is sleeping the sleep of a hero
Where heroes and warriors sleep.

—Gold hearts! may your names ever linger,
With love, on the lips of the bold:
Brave hearts! may your actions be written
On brave hearts, in letters of gold.

Two Cobwebs.

BY A. O. O.

"THERE, I've found the place, Cobweb."

"Is it an old-fashioned country-house?"

"Yes."

"Smothered in clematis and roses and honeysuckle?"

"Yes, yes, yes, and cabbages, and turnips and 'taters, and beans and broccliyo enough to supply a grocer's shop." I cried testily. "It is just what you asked me to get—old, and rugged, and picturesque, and old, and inconvenient, and damp, and littered with leaves, and four miles from any railway-station; and now I hope you're happy."

"O, I am, dear, dear father," she cried, seating herself on my knee, and nestling her head on my shoulder."

"There, hold up your head," I said, "and look at me. Now tell me frankly, did you ever see such a weak, stupid old man in your life?"

"I like weak, stupid old men," she said, archly; and her eyes twinkled with merriment, and then softened with the tears that stole into them.

"Yes," I said, 'because you can tyrannize over them and make them your slaves like you do me. A pretty rig I've been running this last two months to find a place you like—just as if Bryanston Square wouldn't do. I tell you what, my lady, you'll have to take pains to make me comfortable down there, for I shall be as dull as lead."

"No, you will not, pa dear," she said, laughing, and then laying her cheek to mine, "I am so glad, so glad. You've made me so happy, for I was very tired of London."

I did not answer, but sat looking down on the smooth, peachy cheek that one of my hands would keep stroking, and at the long yellow hair that hung down over her shoulders in waves, and in spite of myself a sigh escaped my lips.

She looked at me wonderingly, but did not speak, and I sat there holding her little hand to my heart as I thought of the past, and how ten years before, just as business was beginning to prosper with me, I was left alone with the little fair-haired girl of eight, who found it so hard to believe that her mother had been taken away never to return, only to live in our memories. And I thought, too, of how the years had fled away, and I had become a wealthy man, whose sole thought had been of the child I had seen grow up to maidenhood, making a very idol of her, yielding to her every whim, and doing the most I could to spoil one who never would be spoiled. For, with all the accomplishments I had lavished upon her, Ruth,—or Cobweb as I always called her—had grown up to be a notable little housewife, who disgusted our cooks by insisting upon going down into the kitchen and making my favorite puddings and tarts with her own hands and generally behaving in what the servants called an unladylike way.

And then I thought of my other sorrow—the future—and pictured with an agony I cannot describe the day when I should have to resign my claims to another, and be left alone a desolate, broken, selfish old man.

Cobweb was very quiet as she glided from my knee to her hassock at my feet, and was evidently thinking as much as I; and at last brightened up, for a thought had come to me with a selfish kind of comfort.

"She'll be quite away from all temptations to leave me, there, anyhow," I said to myself as I thought of the "at homes" and balls to which she was so often receiving invitations.

This set me talking—flashing, as I called it in my great cunning—to see if there were one of the rocks ahead of which I was in dread.

"How shall you be able to leave all your fine friends—parties—and set outs?" I inquired.

"Oh, I m tired of them all!" she replied, clapping her hands:

"And gay cavaliers, with dandy airs and moustaches, and programmes."

"Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed merrily; and then, as it seemed to me in my jealous watchfulness, turning the subject, she began to talk about the country-place I had taken.

* * * * * *

A fortnight later and we were settled down; and really, with all my London notions, I began to find the calm and repose of the country delicious.

Cobweb was delighted, and constantly dragging me somewhere or another into the grounds of the pretty old place, where she arranged garden seats in the snuggest, shadiest spots for my especial behoof.

A day or two later I was in the city, where I always went twice a week—for I could not give up business, it was part of my life—when an old friend dropped in, and in the course of conversation he said:

"By the way, Burrows, why don't you have your portrait painted?"

"Bah! stuff! What for?" I said.

"Well," said my old friend, laughing. "I don't know, only that it would give a poor artist I know a job; and, poor fellow, he wants it badly enough. He's poor and proud, and the world has dealt very hardly with him. It isn't so smooth with every one, Jack, as it is with us."

"True, Tom, old fellow," I said, "true. Well, look here: I'll give him a job. Would he come down and stay at my place?"

"Oh, yes, if you treat him well; for he's a gentleman, and a man of honor; but I tell you, you'll make a good picture."

"Stuff!" I said. "Do you think I'm going to be painted?"

"Why, what are you going to do, then?" he said, in an astonished way.

"Let him paint little Cobweb," I said, chuckling, and rubbing my hands.

My friend gave a long whistle, and after a few more words he left.

Two days later one of the servants announced a Mr. Grantly on business, and, on his being shown in, I found myself face to face with a handsome grave-looking man of about thirty. He was rather shabbily dressed, and looked pale and ill as he bowed to Cobweb and myself, ending by staring at my child, as I thought, in a rather peculiar way.

Cobweb was sitting in the bay-window, and to my utter astonishment he quickly drew one of the curtains, and then half closed another, so that the light fell strongly upon her hair.

I could not speak for the passion bubbling up in my throat, and as I stood gasping, he came and took my arm, led me aside, and then, pointing to where Cobweb sat, as astounded as myself, he said:

"That would be admirable, sir. We could not improve that natural pose."

"What the dickens——Are you mad, sir? What do you mean?"

"I beg your pardon," he said, flushing, and speaking hastily. "I am so wrapped up in my art. I thought you understood Mr. Elden said you wished me to paint this young lady's portrait. Am I mistaken?"

"Chut!" I ejaculated, cooling on the instant. "I beg your pardon. Sit down, sir. You're hungry, of course. How stupid of me!—Cobweb, my dear, order some lunch into the dining room."

He smiled, returned the pressure of my hand in a frank, honest way that I liked, and then looked at my darling in a way that I did not like; for this was not what I meant, and my jealousy was aroused. I expected some snuffy-looking old painter, not a grave handsome young fellow. But I remembered Tom Elden's words—"He is a gentleman and a man of honor"—and casting away my suspicious thoughts, I entered into the subject and concluded all the necessary arrangements at once.

That afternoon we all three went out into the wood, and I made Cobweb stand as I had seen her on one of the early days of our coming.

Grantly was delighted, and insisted upon making a sketch at once; and then the days wore on, with the painting progressing slowly, but in a way that was a wonder to me, so exquisite was every touch, for the artist's whole soul was in his work.

It was a happy time, that, for when the painting was over for the morning we gardened, or strolled in the country—our new friend being an accomplished botanist, and a lover of every object that we saw. I used to wonder how he had learned so much, and found time to paint as well.

I say it was a happy time for the first three weeks, and then there were clouds.

Cobweb was changed. I knew it but too well. I could see it day by day.

Grantly was growing distant too, and strange, and my suspicions grew hour by hour, till I was only kept from breaking out by the recollection of Tom Elden's words—"He is a gentleman and a man of honor."

"Tom Elden never was wrong," I said one morning, as I sat alone, "and for a man like that, after my kindness, to take advantage of his position to win that girl's love from me, would be the act of the greatest scoun——"

"May I come in, Mr. Burrows?" said the voice of the man of whom I was thinking.

"Yes, come in," I said; and there we stood looking in one another's eyes.

"He's come to speak to me," I said, and my heart grew very hard, but I concealed my feelings till he spoke, and then I was astounded.

"Mr. Burrows," he said, "I have come to say good-bye."

"Good-bye!" I said.

"Yes, sir, good-bye. I have wakened from a dream of happiness to a sense of misery of which I cannot speak. Let me be brief, sir, and tell you that I shall never forget your kindness."

"But you haven't finished the picture."

"No, sir and never shall," he said, bitterly. "Mr. Burrows, I cannot stay. I—that is—I need not be ashamed to own it, I love your child with all my heart."

"I knew it," I said bitterly.

"And you think I have imposed on your kindness. No, sir, I have not for I have never shown by word or look——"

"No, you scoundrel," I said to myself, "but she knows it all the same."

"And, sir, such a dream as mine could never be fulfilled—it is impossible."

"Yes, I said, in a cold hard voice, "it is impossible."

"God bless you, sir! good-bye."

"You will not say good-bye to her?" I said harshly.

He shook his head, and as I stood there, hard, selfish, and jealous of him, I saw him go down the path, and breathed more freely, for he was gone.

Gone, but there was a shadow on my home. Cobweb said not a word, expressed no surprise, never even referring to the picture, but went about the house slowly, drooping day after day, month after month till the summer time came round again, and I knew that in my jealous selfishness I was breaking her young heart.

She never complained, and was as loving as ever; but my little Cobweb was broken, and the tears spangled it like dew whenever it was alone.

It was as nearly as could be a year after, that I, feeling ten years older, went to seek her one afternoon, and found her as I expected in the little wood, standing dreamy and sad in her old position leaning upon the tree, listening to no bird-song now, but with a far off, longing look in her eyes, that swept away the last selfish thought from my heart.

I did not let her see me, but went straight up to Elden's, learned what I wanted, and a short time after I was in a handsome studio in St. John's Wood, staring at the finished picture of my child—painted, of course, from memory—framed, against the wall.

As I stood there, I heard the door open, and turning stood face to face with Mr. Grantly.

We looked into each other's eyes for a few moments without speaking, and then in a trembling, broken voice, I said:

"Grantly, I've come as a beggar now. My poor darling—God forgive me! I've broken her heart!"

It was my turn to sit down and cry like a child, while my dear boy tried to comfort me—telling me too with pride how he had worked and become famous, and in a few more months had meant to come down and ask my consent.

But there I'm mixing it up. Of course he told me that as we were rushing along, having just had time to catch the express; and on reaching the station there was no conveyance, and we had to walk.

That scoundrel would not wait, but ran on without me, and when I got there panting and hot, I found my darling's heart was moulded with all of that belonging to the good man from whose side she ran to hide her rosy blushes on my breast.

I'm not the selfish old fellow that I was about Cobweb, for here in the old place where they've let me stay with them, I pass my time with those two flossy-haired little tyrants, Cobweb the Second, and the Spider, as we call little Frank. As for Cobweb the Second, she said to me this morning, with her tiny arms round my neck, and her soft cherub cheek against mine—"Oh, ganpa dear, I do yove oo!"—as I love her with all my selfish heart.

AGRICULTURE IN TYROL.—In the Wild-Schonau, North Tyrol, not a few of the houses are built on such steep slopes that a heavy chain has to be laid round the houses and fastened to some firm object—a large tree or boulder of rock higher up. In one village off the Puster Thal, and in one or two others off the Oberinn Thal, many of the villagers come to church with crampoons on their feet, the terrible steep slopes on which their huts are built, somewhat like a swallow's nest on a wall, requiring this precautionary measure. In Moos—a village not very far from Brenner, having a population of 800 inhabitants—more than 300 men and women have been killed since 1758 by falls from the incredibly steep slopes upon which the pasturages of this village are situated. So steep are they, in fact, that only goats, and even they not everywhere, can be trusted to graze on them, and the hay for the larger cattle has to be cut and gathered by the hand of man.

MARCH OF THE CHINESE.—A report comes from the Sierra Nevada Mountains of the discovery of the timbers of a stranded vessel, resembling those of a Chinese junk, high up in the mountains, between Mineral King and the headwaters of King's River. A number of bones, supposed to be human, were also found in the vicinity.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE SIZE OF OYSTERS.—On several occasions "Hermit" oysters of an enormous size have been found upon our coast, but rarely, if ever, one which rivals in dimensions one found in 1840 at Mobile. It measured three feet and one inch in length, and twenty one and a half inches in breadth across its widest part.

TRADE IN JAPAN.—After all Japan alone is the land of the free and the home of the brave. Is is essentially a country dedicated to trust, and if you offer to pay a tradesman cash down in that delectable clime he takes it a wanton insult. When a purchase is made the purchaser invariably enters the whole transaction on a little tablet which the merchant holds for thirty days and then collects if he can.

ANCIENT THEATRE TICKETS.—Theatre tickets in olden times were in some instances of very odd design. In Rome a visitor purchased at the office a slender little cane that he carried in his hand and delivered to the doorkeeper. For the highest price seats, this stick was of ivory: for the cheapest, of bronze. Many of these bronze canes have been found in Pompeii. They are very slender and gracefully made, having at the top a little dome on which a pigeon is perched. Even now in Italy they call the highest seats "piccioneri," or dovecotes.

HABIT IN BEES.—Australian colonists have noticed some strange peculiarities in bees imported from Europe, which, however unpleasant they may be to the agriculturist, are yet of the highest interest to naturalists. It appears that the European bees retain their industrious habits only for the first year or two when imported into Australia. While during that period they keep their hives in good order and yield a fair quantity of honey, they gradually cease to collect honey after that time, and soon become entirely barren.

HIGHLAND DOGS.—The Highland shepherds are firmly convinced that their dogs perfectly understand what is said. A Highland shepherd, speaking to a gentleman, said, accidentally, "I'm thinking the coo (cow) is in the corn." His dog immediately rose, passed out of the house, and climbing to the top of a pigsty, which commanded a view of the cornfield, satisfied himself that the cow was not there and returned to the house. In order to try the dog again he said, "Sir, the coo's in the taturs." And the dog went out, made his own observations and again returned. A third trial was then made, which showed that there was no occasion for the dog's services. He returned and went under the bed sulky, growling and dissatisfied, evidently disgusted at having been made a fool of.

FINE MARKMANSHIP.—Doctor Carver, at a recent exhibition in England, placing ten glass balls on the ground fired a bullet into the turf immediately beneath. The missile tearing up the soil, threw the balls into the air, and they were broken as they rose. The doctor's greatest feat was performed for a wager of one hundred pounds sterling that he would hit an apple upon the end of a knife held by his colored attendant riding on horseback at full gallop at a distance of thirty yards. A large apple was procured, and stuck on the end of a pruning knife. The negro mounted a horse, and held the target with his left hand as far as possible behind his body. The start was made about one hundred yards away, and when the rider came within range, riding at a furious gallop, the doctor fired. The first attempt was a failure, and odds of ten pounds were bet against Carver. The second time he struck the apple, knocking it into half a dozen pieces.

HOW A BEGGAR MIGHT HAVE SECURED A FORTUNE.—Not long ago, says a Western paper, there was an old man in Louisville, who died several years on the western side of three-score and ten. He was an upright church-going, influential citizen, a successful business man and the father of a bright and happy family of children. A short time before his death he became involved in some unfortunate business venture, by which he lost nearly all of his property. After he died it was naturally supposed that he had left his family penniless. What must have been their surprise when they found that he had left a will in which the following clause appeared: "And I do give and bequeath to my dearly beloved children, the sum of $11,562 the same being a sum of money which I accumulated in this manner: Fifty years ago, when I first started in business, instead of giving alms to any of the numerous young mendicants who came into my office daily, I determined to lay aside twenty-five cents every day, as a kind of sinking fund, the whole of which I made a vow to give to the first beggar under fifteen years of age who had the originality to come to me and tell me any other story than that one which begins with 'My mother is sick, and my little brothers and sisters is cryin' for somep'n t'eat,' etc. To this good day I have never had an opportunity of giving this money away, and through daily additions and judicious investments it has grown to the sum above named."

FAR BETTER.

BY J. B.

Were it not for you and the children, wife,
I never could ask to stay;
Above and beyond is a purer life,
And waiting to lead the way,
Is a form in white, among angels bright—
Earth loves in Heaven's array.

Death is but change, and I think, wife,
God knows what for us is best;
Too weak to fight on in unequal strife,
We ought to be thankful for rest;
But the tear-drops flow for those whom I know
Are now there amid the blest.

The world with its life is a puzzle, wife,
We may not thoroughly know;
There are trials with truths that death only soothes,
And joy that mingles with woe;
But thought that is born in Eternity's morn,
In purest channels must flow.

No tainting of blood, nor passions to flood:
No jealousies to contend;
No bodily wants, nor hatred's base taunts,
No doubt of firmness of friend;
So love of the earth should joy in the birth
Of happiness without end.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER LI—[CONTINUED.]

DO you see those two lights burning upon that hill?" said Michael. "Those mean danger for us at St. Eglon's. I fear, Miss Alice, I shall not be able to take you back to the Hut. I must beat about Mount's Bay till a friend comes out to us and brings us tidings; but a boat can take you ashore, if you are not afraid to go, and then you can travel on to St. Eglon's by land."

I was forced to agree to this, and I even said I was not afraid; but in my heart I felt terrified at my loneliness, and at the thought of taking this journey unaided and alone.

As I was putting on my cloak in the cabin, Michael came in and held out his hand to say good-bye. There was a strange gloom on his gray face.

"I may never see you again, though I hope to, Miss Alice," he said. "I am bound now to go to Penkivel to see Lady Crehylls; and I will be to her as one of those messengers whose feet upon the mountain bring good tidings."

Here his dim eyes fell wistfully on the Great Book on the cabin table. It still lay open at the vision of Ezekiel.

"Is there no word, no token there for me, Miss Alice?" he said. "My soul is full of doubts and terrors. A word would comfort me."

Then he turned a leaf or two hurriedly, and laid his finger on a verse.

"Will you read this to me?" he said.

Knowing his great superstition, I read the words he indicated with much reluctance: "And thou shalt be no more; though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again."

"Those are hard words," said Michael. "But what then?—if they are His will I can bear them, though their meaning now is dark to me and full of terror."

"But it is an error, a superstition," I cried, "to take a single verse thus and fancy it bears a special and fateful message. You should read a chapter, Michael."

He smiled and closed the book.

"You forget I am no scholar, miss," he said; "so it has always been my way to choose a verse like this, and bear the few words of it in my mind as though it were a message sent right into my soul—sent to me direct, like a letter is sent, or as a word of warning comes from a friend. You see those two fires on the hill, Miss Alice? To most eyes they are only a few weeds burning—a little furze or griglans (heath), but I know them to be a message to me, and if I do not heed it I shall run into danger and sorrow. In the same way, though these words might be spoken against some wicked city of old, yet I must take them to myself, else they shall be as meaningless fires, not a beacon of warning."

"The boat is ready!" cried Martin.

And now I would have wished Mr. Trafford good-bye; but, to my great surprise, he said quietly:

"I am going with you, Miss Rathline. My cousin placed you in my charge, and, with your permission I will travel with you, and see you safely to your home."

"I have no home, now Madeline has forsaken me," I answered a little bitterly.

"But you will let me take you to your sister's house in London," he said. "I shall be grieved indeed if you will not permit me to fulfil the trust which Madeline has put in my hands."

"But am I not taking you away from more urgent business, some greater charge?" I said.

"No, you are my sole charge," he replied. "You cannot think how great, how heartfelt a pleasure it is to an American to meet with a relative in England. Think, then, how this pleasure was increased by the circumstances under which Madeline and I have met, and then you will understand how eager I am to obey her behest."

I recollected how beautiful Madeline was, and I no longer wondered that for her sake her gallant cousin was willing to take care of an insignificant little thing like me.

"I am very much obliged to you," I stammered, my face getting uncomfortably red as I spoke. "I am afraid you will have a troublesome charge, for I must go first in quest of Mr. Pellew, and deliver to him these letters."

Without further words we departed, bidding adieu for ever to the good ship, Penkivel.

As for our journey to St. Egion's, I need not relate it, since this is not my own story I am telling, but Madeline's.

At the Hut I found only Grace Chagwynne, who told me that, on seeing the Penkivel set sail, the Duke de Briancourt's rage and astonishment broke out in furious words. He believed that Madeline and I were forcibly detained by the smugglers, and he lodged an information against them with the authorities; therefore there was a keen watch set for the Penkivel all up and down the coast.

"But our folks are watching too, I reckon," said Grace; "and the King of Prussia isn't a man to lose either boat or cargo."

"The King of Prussia!" I cried. "What has he to do with the Penkivel?"

Grace colored, and then explained that the chief smuggler in the West, who found money for these ventures, was a man who bore such a resemblance to his Majesty of Prussia, that he generally went by his name, which was a safer one, perhaps, to use, than his own. I scarcely heeded her, being so anxious to speak of other things.

"Has Mr. Pellew been here? and where is my brother?"

As I asked these questions Mr. Pellew himself entered the Hut.

He was very pale and agitated, and seized me by the hand hurriedly, crying:

"Where is Madeline? Surely she is with you."

Pitying his great sorrow, I gave him the letters without a word, and then, beckoning to Mr. Trafford, I stole away and left him alone to read them.

In the garden Grace assured me my brother was safe in Mr. Pellew's hands, the Duke having left him at the Hut, when he departed in fury to set a hue and cry on the Penkivel.

When Mr. Pellew rejoined us, I was not surprised to see traces of his great emotion still visible in all his aspect. The history Madeline had given him of the death of Corbis would agitate him, even if his anxiety respecting herself were not a deeper cause for dismay. He and Mr. Trafford paced the garden for some little time, conversing eagerly together, then Mr. Pellew drew near to me.

"Alice," said he, "I am obliged to ask you to remain with Grace Chagwynne for a day or two, and during that short time I trust you will be content with knowing your brother is safe and well, without wishing to see him. At the end of that time I will take you to him. Meanwhile I shall bear Madeline's letter to Lady Crehylls; and I must also, at all risks, board the Penkivel and see Michael Polgrain. The Duke de Briancourt is on board the revenue cutter now cruising in search of her, and you know he is a dangerous adversary of our friends the smugglers."

"Then save them if you can," I replied. "Of course I will stay with Grace until you return. And what will Mr. Trafford do?"

"I will remain true to my charge," he returned. "I shall find lodgings in one of the cottages near by, I have no doubt: for I shall not consider myself absolved from my promise to my cousin until I see you safe in her house in London."

What a marvellous influence Madeline possesses! I thought, a little sadly, for I felt sorry that young Mr. Trafford should be added to the list of those who loved her hopelessly. Thus thinking, I thanked him quietly for his kindness to myself, and then I turned away and wished Maurice Pellew good speed on his journey.

* * * * *

"Here is Lord Crehylls!" said Grace, in a frightened tone.

Looking up I saw a pale, thin gentleman alighting from a carriage which stood among the trees near the cottage, for I did not stay at St. Eglon's Hut, but at Grace's own house. As he approached, he bowed to me, saying, "Miss Rathline, I believe?" Then he added hurriedly, "Will you oblige me by accompanying me to the Castle? Mr. Pellew awaits you there. And will your friend come also?"

This he said on Mr. Trafford's making his appearance very suddenly from the little orchard, where, with his irrepressible propensity for making himself useful, he had been gathering in Grace's winter apples.

We drove very silently to the great castle of which I had heard so much, and in the hall we were met by Mr. Pellew, who took me by the hand and led me into a magnificent room overlooking the park.

"Alice," he said, "at Penkivel you were made the unconscious means of deceiving Lady Crehylls; you told her that her child was drowned, and that your father's letter was a cheat. Here at Crehylls, I wish you to undeceive her. Now tell her, who are these?"

He threw open a door leading into the next room, and there I saw standing, hand in hand, my brother Alfred and a pale, pretty boy, whom for a moment I did not recognize. Then, as my face grew very white, I saw he was Aubrey Crehylls, and I could not repress the loud cry of fear which rose to my lips. As I foolishly uttered this shriek of surprise and alarm, Lady Crehylls entered the room, leading a little girl by the hand, who no sooner caught sight of the two boys, than she sprang towards Aubrey and cast her arms about his neck.

"I knew you would keep your promise," she cried, "I knew you would come again. Aunt Agatha, this is Alfred Singleton. This is the little boy whom you saw in the churchyard of Penkivel, and to whom you promised always—always to be a friend."

The little creature could say no more, for the tears of joy and the trembling of her lips, which stopped her voice. As for Lady Crehylls, she was so pale that she seemed scarcely living, and her eyes were cast on me with a look of fear and anguish so imploring, that a thrill of sympathetic pain ran through my heart at seeing her.

"Alice," said Mr. Pellew, "you perceive there are two Alfred Singletons; tell Lady Crehylls which of these really bears that name, and where and under what name you have seen this child."

With his eyes following me still, I went forward and put my head on Alfred's shoulder.

"This is my brother," I said, "and this child, his companion, is Aubrey Crehylls. By what miracle he is here alive, I know not; but that he is Aubrey Crehylls I am as certain as I am that this is the real Alfred Singleton."

As I finished speaking Lady Crehylls fell on her knees, with her arms cast about her child, and her passionate tears of joy falling like rain upon his face.

"I know you would not deceive a mother," she said in piteous accents, holding one trembling hand towards me. "And this is indeed my son, my only son, Aubrey! But tell me so again and again. Oh, my heart is hungering and thirsting for a thousand voices to cry aloud, This is your child! your son! 'who was lost, and is found'—your son, 'who was dead, and is alive again.'"

As she broke forth thus into the words of joy in Holy Writ, she held the boy to her heart, and gazed on his face with a look of love and happiness pure as the angels wear in Heaven. As for me, I was crying with all my heart in my tears when Mr. Pellew spoke to me again.

"Let us leave them, Alice," he whispered. "By and by, when she is calmer, you shall tell Lady Crehylls how often you saw her boy at Naples with his father. You will have much to say, but she can scarcely bear it now."

Seeing this was best, we left the happy mother with her child, and Mr. Pellew, Alfred, and I, withdrew to the next room; and here, without knowing how it happened, my eyes being too blinded to see much, I found myself suddenly alone with Mr. Trafford.

"Miss Rathline," he said, "you look very happy, and I am glad to see your smiles and tears so blended; but, in your joy, you you must not forget this is a mixed world—part good and part evil—and there is scarcely a single pleasure without alloy."

"Is Charles Trafford a preacher?" I asked, half-laughing, half crying. "But you may say what you will, for my brain is too mystified and bewildered to understand the very plainest words."

To my surprise, Mr. Trafford did not respond to my foolish speech merrily. With a calm, grave face, he crossed the spacious room and stood by me, with his hand resting on my chair.

"While I was so far from you I could not speak," he said, earnestly; "but now I think I shall have more courage."

Surprised at his voice and manner, I rose, and gazed into his face with an anxious scrutiny, and meeting in his eyes that look of pity which I remembered, I grew frightened, and began to tremble very much. Then I felt his arm around me, drawing me kindly towards his broad breast, where I leant soothed, and yet knowing that he had taken me to his shelter because he had sorrowful tidings to tell.

"Alice, we have known each other but a short while," he said, "and yet the circumstances under which we met, and the days we have spent together, make it long. In a great city we might have been acquainted for years, and yet not have been so many hours in each other's society, as we have now. I remind you of this, because I have dared to ask for the privilege of a friend. I have taken out of Mr. Pellew's hand the sad task of telling you evil tidings."

"Go on, go on!" I cried, as I clung to his sustaining arm. "Do not keep me in suspense."

"Alice, when I came on board the Penkivel, yours was the first face I saw, and it seemed to me like the face of my guardian angel, for you had just saved me from a dreadful death. A moment afterwards, Madeline told me your name, and then I felt grieved, for I fancied that I should always appear to you like a messenger of ill tidings, and I held my peace—these many days I have held my peace. I could not forget your words. "Charlie to me always," you said; and I was afraid your friendship for me would die out instantly if you knew the truth—you would think I might have saved him and yet did not."

"No, no," I answered; "whatever it is you have to tell me, I know your duty throughout was nobly done. Speak, speak, at once!"

But still he hesitated, and when he spoke his voice quivered strangely.

"Dear Alice, if in the midst of the terrible danger and horror all around me, I heard two voices crying for help, one a woman's—the mother of little children, a tender, loving woman—the other a man's, a selfish man—for I must speak the truth, Alice,—say, would you hate me, if, knowing I could not save both, I sprang to the woman's help, and held her up in the sea till the boat came; and then, turning to aid the other, I found he had sunk forever? Alice, do you hate me for this?"

"No, no! Charlie to me still—Charlie to me always!" I cried, as I hid my sobbing face on his shoulder.

"When I reached the Penkivel," he continued, holding me tightly to his heart "you heard me say there was one life lost."

"Yes, yes, I heard you say," I answered.

"Dearest Alice," said he, "that life was Richard Rathline's."

I trust I may be forgiven for the tempered sorrow I felt, for as this grief touched me, it came mingled with the joy of love's first kiss.

CHAPTER LII.

NO one regretted Mr. Rathline's fate except his daughter Alice. Maurice Pellew's feelings were inexpressibly bitter against him. For years he had made Madeline his dupe. Knowing that the whole fabric of wrong, and of injustice, which to her morbid feeling surrounded her life and blighted it, had no existence in reality; knowing that Mathew Carbis lived, and Walter Sherborne was not guiltless, he had yet meanly taken advantage of the canker in this proud woman's heart, to tempt her into an act, by which he should ensure to himself the luxury he loved. All the powers of his small soul were concentrated on this one problem—how to keep Richard Rathline comfortable. While his wife lived this was, comparatively speaking, easy; for her weakness, and Tom Singleton's affection for his mother, were mines of wealth to him, properly worked. But when Mrs. Rathline died, it became necessary to seek for another victim, and this victim he found in Madeline. Meeting with her at Naples, he fixed on her instantly with all the keenness of a vulture, whose instincts are unerring. These also enabled him to perceive that Madeline was a nobler and a surer prey than Lord Crehylls; therefore he dropped his original intention of selling the truth to him, and chose in preference to strengthen her in her belief in the falsehoods which embittered her life.

"If I divulge the true state of the case to my lord," he argued, "I should certainly get a good sum down, which I should as certainly spend. And where would Richard Rathline be then? In a bad way, I fear; for the shadow of Mathew's crime, which I have concealed so long, would hang about me, and Madeline and Tom would hold me in horror. No chance of untying their purse-strings then; whereas, if I keep a quiet tongue, and use my advantages as I ought, Madeline will be a good income to me. Then, too, it is not so very pleasant to hang one's cousin for the sake of a little money; I would rather take care of myself in a more agreeable way, and then have the satisfaction of a clear conscience."

Thus argued Mr. Richard Rathline, and, intimately acquainted as he was with Madeline's history, it was not difficult for him to gain her confidence, by judicious sympathy, by a simulated intense belief in her father's innocence, and by fervent expressions of indignation against the cruel injustice by which he had been sacrificed. All this, of course, he said in the full knowledge that he lied; but, so it served his purpose, a falsehood was sweeter to Richard Rathline than the truth.

Seeing how eagerly Madeline listened to any voice that sympathized with her father's woe, and with the rankling sense of the injustice done to him and to herself, which shadowed and darkened her own mind, it was not perhaps wonderful that this man, vile as he was, could nevertheless always gain her ear. It was a relief at times to speak to some one who, as he thought, knew the truth; for Mr. Rathline did not scruple to declare that he more than suspected the guilt of Lord Crehylls, and had fathomed the selfishness of Mr. Lanyon, who sacrificed her father to save his son-in-law.

Communion with an evil man begets a familiarity with evil, which, in the end, undermines the haughtiest soul—the soul that rests not on the rock of faith, but on the pinnacle of its own pride, scorning sin and baseness

for the sake of its honor. And when such a soul as this falls, it falls low indeed, because it knows that it has fallen. The fierce sense of wrong that rankled in Madeline's heart, and the agony of impatience with which she bore it, were the stumbling-blocks on which she fell.

"The earth was full of violence," she said. "Might everywhere subdued right; the poor, the weak, the sorrowful were crushed, as her father had been, beneath the hand of wealth and power; and justice was either a mockery or a myth. Blind chance and circumstance rolled onwards, beating down the miserable in their march, and raising, as they ever did, the rich and the noble; and the battle was ever to the strong, and the race ever to the swift; and there was no ruler and no guide to judge the cause of the poor upon the earth. So, seeing there was no one to execute judgment, she would herself stand in the breach, and fight for justice with her own hand; and if ever the sword were put into her grasp, she would not fear to use it, even if she pierced her own soul."

Thus she ripened her heart for the sin into which it rushed.

* * * * *

On the day that Tom Singleton so generously lost his life, the Duke de Briancourt was out in the bay cruising in his little sailing yacht, and witnessing the accident, he bore down instantly on the scene of the disaster. He found Mr. Rathline sitting helplessly in his boat, gazing on his step son, who, having already saved the little Alfred, was now struggling hard to rescue the child Aubrey. As he swam towards the boat, he was seized by the drowning servant, and while striving vainly to extricate himself from his death grasp, the duke sprang to his assistance, and took the boy from his failing arms. Encumbered by the child Tom Singleton had found it impossible to give help to the poor wretch who clung to him, and now, exhausted and fainting, he sank with him, and both were drowned.

Mr. Rathline was not a man of nerve; he fell down in the bottom of his boat as he saw this sight, and it was not until he was dragged on board the yacht that he recovered himself.

"My surgeon has succeeded in restoring one child to life," said the duke; "but the other he declares is dead."

Mr. Rathline rushed into the cabin, and perceived it was the little Aubrey who breathed, while his own son still lay lifeless.

"I am quite ruined!" he cried aghast. "If that boy lived, he would be a fortune to me now Tom is dead."

Tom Singleton had made no secret of the terms of the will, therefore his step-father was perfectly aware, that his son Alfred would now be in possession of considerable wealth, if he were only alive to inherit it. His disappointment vented itself in tears, which certainly fell more for the loss of the money than for the loss of his child. Then there darted into his scheming brain the daring plan of substituting one child for the other, and making Madeline a party to the fraud. He broached the idea to the duke, who seized upon it instantly. He had bought Mr. Rathline long ago, body and soul, and purchased from him all Madeline's history, such as she knew it herself. The secret of Mathew Carbis's existence Rathline of course kept to himself; his wretched cousin was one of his settled sources of income, and he was not a man to destroy a nest-egg unless obliged. Now the knowledge thus gained from Mr. Rathline gave the duke the clue to Madeline's character, for which he had long yearned. And he perceived at once the advantage he should gain by possessing a secret, which she would have to share with him, she which would give him an immense power over her fate.

"It shall be done," he said, resolutely, to Mr. Rathline; "only, you perceive, to carry it out with safety, the body of the other child must be lost in the sea, and never recovered."

For a moment Rathline trembled and hesitated, the thought of consigning his child to the waves staggered even him, but his scruples did not last long.

"What does it matter?" he said, shrugging his shoulders, "the sea is as good a burying-place as the land."

"You consent!" cried the duke. "Now hurry ashore, and bear the news first to Lord Crehylls that his son is drowned; then let your daughter know that she is a widow. But take care not to tell her that I was by when her husband died, else she will believe that I might have saved him, and would not."

"But your people in your yacht?" said Mr. Rathline,—"won't they betray the truth?"

"My people are mine," replied the duke, smilingly, "body and soul; besides is it not easy to tell them that the dead child is young Crehylls?"

"And the other affair?" continued Rathline, uneasily—"you'll do it decently, I hope?"

"With bell and book and candle, if you like," said the duke. Pshaw! don't be weak."

"The boy is really dead, I suppose?" said Rathline, still anxious.

As if to answer him, the duke's surgeon came out from the cabin.

"It is all in vain," he said, in French; "the child is gone, and the life of the other is but flickering."

"You hear?" observed the duke. "Go on your errand at once. "I promise you I won't throw a living boy overboard."

Mr. Rathline departed gloomily, the two men who rowed him ashore landing him, and returning instantly to the yacht in obedience to their master's commands.

No sooner had the boat departed than the duke entered the cabin, and laid his hand on the surgeon's shoulder.

"Recover the child," he said, in his own tongue, "and count me your debtor for that sum, which you told me yesterday that you had such dire need of."

Thus incited, the energy and patience of the surgeon, which had drooped, revived, and after hours of persevering effort, Alfred Singleton breathed again.

The duke sailed away in his yacht, and placed the boy in safe hands before he again saw Mr. Rathline, from whom, of course, he concealed the fact that his son lived. With such a secret in his possession he held an immense advantage over his accomplice, which he knew well to turn to his own profit.

Aubrey Crehylls was a delicate child, and he lay long in a state of weakness and exhaustion, which for weeks rendered his life doubtful. The strangeness of the scene and the people helped to bewilder his young mind, so that when he awoke from the delirium of the fever which oppressed him, it was a less difficult task than might be imagined to impress new beliefs on his brain. At five years of age children have scarcely a past. Yet some dim memories still floated in his mind, and to dispel these he was taken to the duke's house in London, and told that he had once been a visitor there. As for Alfred, no attempt was ever made to deceive him regarding his own identity. He was simply taught to obey the Duke de Braincourt, that was all; and at the school where he was placed, no questions were asked, and he was allowed to write no letters.

When Madeline heard of the death of the gentle, brave, good man, whose love she had returned so coldly, it seemed to her another terrible injustice, against which her heart rebelled fiercely. Was it not enough that her father had died for a Crehylls? She could take no comfort from the brave and generous deed by which he died; she could not even praise it. His pure, unconscious, unselfish nature was too high for her to comprehend. His soul, humble and serene in its steadfast faith, was so much simpler and wiser than hers, that she could not follow it in the heights of its love, or the depth of its peace. She could only feel that the great stay on which she leaned was taken from her, and henceforth she should walk alone in desolate places, where the wastes of the heart brought forth weeds, and the rue of a vain repentance. In this bitter mood, the unquenchable fire of her wrath against those, who, to keep their own soft ease and luxury and good name, had piled sufferings on her head, rose again in her soul, to bring upon it a curse and a brand. To save Geoffrey Crehylls, the assassin, her father had been slain, and Mr. Lanyon had done this cruel deed mercilessly, to spare his daughter Agatha a pang. Now, to save the son of Geoffrey Crehylls, her husband had perished, and again the deed saved Agatha Crehylls a bitter sorrow. Was this justice, or was it the blind decree of mere Fate and Chance, to which she would not bow in resignation?

While Alice lay ill, and Madeline chafed and raged thus beneath her sorrow, the temptation came to her for which she had almost prayed The hearth was swept and garnished for them when the evil spirits knocked, and entered.

"I have told Lord Crehylls his son is dead," said Rathline; "so it is too late to speak the truth now, even if you wished it."

"But she does not desire it," interposed the duke. "The rash, Quixotic generosity of youth, which spared a criminal, must now give way to stern justice. Mrs. Singleton, you have no right to deprive Mr. Crehylls of the patrimony which his brother has forfeited by his crime. You must look on the strange accident, which puts this boy into your power, as an opportunity placed in your hands to atone for your mistaken mercy. To avenge your father was a sacred trust, which you have weakly neglected"

She yielded to the voice of the tempter, and awoke to find herself the prey of the two vultures whose talons were in her very heart. For Richard Rathline she worked, she toiled, she sang; for the Duke de Briancourt smiled, when her spirit wept. She was obiged to accept his attention and endure the expression of his fierce and angry love; she was compelled often to quench his jealousy and deprecate his wrath. Until she met Maurice Pellew again, she played her part bravely; but at sight of his face, at the renewal of the old dear love, never quenched, and never forgotten, her spirit drooped. She writhed in her bondage now, and loathed the slavery to which she was sold. But there was no escape; the duke knew too well how to hold his victim in the toils. At the very shadow of a threat from him, to divulge to Maurice the fraud to which she had lent herself, she trembled and tore at her chain no more.

Yet, through all this, Madeline justified herself in her own sight, because, as she told herself a thousand times, her father was guiltless, and because Agatha Crehylls had separated her from her lover, and made her life what it was—a cup of bitterness mingled with gall. It was only when the terrible scene was exacted on board the Penkivel, and Mathew Carbis was unmasked at last, that she recognised this truth,—that the cup was of her own mixing. Then the fabric of false justice which she had built up in her own defence fell prone, and in the first shock of sin, she only thought, like some poor wounded creature, of hiding herself in solitude to die.

* * * * *

Mr. Rathline's movements on the night he quitted his daughter still remain unexplained. Believing that Madeline had gone to Penkivel to pour out a full confession to Lady Crehylls, he fancied his power over her would be at an end, and Richard Rathline's income would consequently be sadly diminished. In these circumstances he would make the best bargain he could with fate. He betook himself to a coffee house, where he penned a letter to Carbis with this brief sentence:—

"Fly for your life! The hounds are on the scent."

It pleased Richard Rathline to go and post this letter himself at the great central post office in the city. And here he waited to see His Majesty's mails depart in all their now-forgotten glory. When the long line of coaches had vanished, with flourish of whip and flourish of horn, he walked westward at a brisk pace.

"There is no mail again to Exeter till to-morrow night," he said to himself. "My villian of a cousin will have a good start."

With this thought he entered the opera-house, and went straight to the Duke de Briancourt's box.

"Do you think to see Madeline here to-night?"

"I hope to hear her glorious voice and see her queenly face in five minutes from this time," answered the duke; "she acts in the second piece."

"She has quitted London," returned Rathline, "and has escaped both you and me."

The duke's love for Madeline was the madness of his life, and as he heard this, his heart almost stood still. His face was white and furious as he turned it towards his accomplice.

"Don't lie to me," he said in a low voice of rage. "I am not a man to bear such a jest."

"As I live, it is true!" cried Rathline; "and I think I can tell you where she is gone."

"How much do you want for your information?" demanded the duke, in contemptuous unbelief.

At that instant the curtain was moved aside, and the manager, with a face of consternation, came forward to apologise for Madeline's sudden absence, which he ascribed to illness. In the midst of the storm which the news raised, Richard Rathline answered the duke's question.

"I meant to take fifty for my information," he replied; "but at the door of your box I met your French friend, who told me your wife was dead, and you are free to marry. That makes my news worth a hundred," he concluded with a smile of triumph.

The duke paid him the money, and heard that Madeline had gone to Penkivel.

Full of elation, and with more than his usual swagger in his air and gait, Mr. Rathline went on to Maurice Pellew's chambers, and sold to him the secret he had so long withheld.

Meanwhile the duke hastened that very night to pursue the despairing woman, whom his mad love had so long and vainly wearied. He judged rightly when he told himself, that hers was too proud a nature to stoop to make a confession to her enemy. If she was gone to Penkivel, it was not to recant, but to persist in the path she had chosen. For this reason he drove to the suburb where Alfred was at school, and took the boy with him.

A few miles from Penkivel, as Madeline was returning thence wearily, she met these two, and clutched eagerly at the help the duke offered her. The loss of the young Aubrey Crehylls, and the threat of Mr. Rathline to betray her, had broken down her strength and courage. She would bear anything, do anything, to conceal effectually and for ever the crime into which she had been led. It was better even to die, than to live disgraced and despised in the eyes of Maurice Pellew; it was better to marry the Duke de Briancourt than to let Agatha Crehylls behold her defeat, her misery, her shame. The pretence of justice upheld her no more before this thought; and as to the story she could tell of Lord Crehylls, alas! who would believe it now?

Thus completely dispirited and weary of all things, having no hope, no faith, and feeling only that she was unworthy of Maurice, she listened to the Duke de Briancourt as, with all the subtlety of his powerful tongue, he unfolded his plans and pleaded his own cause.

Had he not always been devoted to her? he said. He had even foreseen this day; and by superhuman efforts he had saved Alfred Singleton, that he might now confute all her enemies by bringing him forward, and showing him in triumph to all those who dared to say the boy who was Aubrey Crehylls. If Madeline would be his wife, he would fetch Alice, who of course would recognise her brother, and he would take them both to Penkivel, and so close the ears of Lady Crehylls for once and for ever to the slanders of Rathline. As for the child Aubrey, he was doubtless dead, and would never be heard of again; and he would take Madeline to Russia, far away from the scenes and memories that distressed her.

"I am worthy of you, and you are worthy of me," she answered. "If you will help me for no lighter price, here is my hand,—take it. But there is only one spot in the world where such a marriage can take place. Bring your priest to St. Eglon's Hut,—it is only there that I can fling down my last hold on self-respect, my last hope upon earth."

Even the gall of such words as these did not temper the Duke de Briancourt's triumph.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT MEN ADMIRE.

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

THERE is nothing on earth that single men so much admire as a well-dressed woman.

They may love their horses, dogs and games, and adore cigars and tobacco, they may smile upon the cook and housemaid, and write a sonnet to the rosy-cheeked lass who milks the cows, but all their admiration is reserved for the well-dressed woman. She is the "Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

The average man will look a good many times at a well dressed woman and stop to discover in her a thousand shining virtues which she may or may not really possess. She occupies the leading position in his thoughts, and "Caroline and calico" is just nowhere.

Said a fashionable lady to me once: "I happened to marry the man of my choice. He fell in love with me at first sight, but then I was beautifully dressed. I have often wondered whether he would have noticed me at all had I been plainly attired and engaged in domestic duties."

Mothers should be very careful to teach their daughters to be neat and attractive in their attire, and fathers should allow them to dress as well as their circumstances will admit.

Most poets bestow great attention upon the dress of their ideal ladies. Tennyson makes the mother of Enid address her daughter as follows:

> Let never maiden think, however fair,
> She is not fairer in new clothes than old.

Shakspeare, too, arrays the ladies of his poems beautifully.

Mrs. Primrose in the "Vicar of Wakefield" is made to say: "Hold up your heads girls—handsome is that handsome does," but Mrs. Primrose knew all the time that her girls were well dressed.

It may be given as a general rule that the woman who dresses well before marriage and cooks good dinners after marriage will be pretty sure to secure an average amount of attention and worldly happiness.

THE STINGING TREE.—Though the tropical shrubs of Queensland are very luxuriant and beautiful, they are not without dangerous drawbacks, for there is one plant growing in them that is really deadly in its effects—that is to say, deadly in the same way that one would apply the term to fire; as, if a certain proportion of one's body is burnt by "the stinging tree," death will be the result. It would be as safe to pass through fire as to fall into one of these trees. They are found growing from two or three inches high to ten and fifteen feet; in the old ones the stem is whitish, and red berries usually grow on the top. It emits a peculiar and disagreeable smell, but is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round, having a point on the top, and is jagged all round the edge, like the nettle.

THE SPEED OF VESSELS.—In old days the distance run by a ship was estimated by throwing overboard a piece of wood attached to a line, and watching how much line ran off the reel while the sands in a quarter minute glass ran out. Then the rate of the ship, in nautical miles per hour, bore the same proportion to an hour as the length of line run out to a quarter of a minute; but of late years the actual distance gone through the water is given by a log, which registers the number of revolutions made by a fly towed astern.

A QUEER BOOK.—There is extant a volume of elegies, in which the paper is black, and the letters white; that is, in all the title-pages. Every intermediate leaf is also black.

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love? the maiden asked.
Then I wrote these words of truth—
When the brain is lightly tasked,
Love's a passion—in our youth.

When we enter manhood's race,
Grasp the honors of our time,
Find them empty, worthless, base,
Love's a solace—in our prime.

When our hairs are blanched by years
Pain and fears our thoughts engage,
Still it glistens through our tears,
Love's a habit in our age.

Leant the maiden on my chair,
Stayed my hand with playful strife,
Shook her sunny, silken hair—
Love, she whispered, is our life.

The Wife's Trial.

BY A. W.

WHAT a fine thing it is to be young and beautiful!" thought Jessie, with a sigh.

She sat in a corner of the room, with her needlework, like a little grey shadow, quite unobserved by the gay group congregated at the end of the drawing-room.

Madeline Muir was singing at the piano, a fair vision of floating curls and snowy lace draperies, while Captain Gray bent over her, apparently wholly absorbed in the music.

And Una, the young bride, stood a little in the background, with folded arms, and great dark eyes full of a certain sadness, which struck Jessie like a chill.

"Surely," said the kindly old maid to herself, "she is never—jealous!"

That was the exact expression of the long-lashed melancholy eyes. Yes, Una Gray was—jealous.

Miss Muir had written to propose a visit to her old school friend, before the glories of the honeymoon had fairly waned.

Young Mrs. Gray read the gushing note rather dubiously.

"Dear Clarence," said she, "what shall I do?"

"Oh, put her off," said the bridegroom, carelessly. "Tell her we're sick, or gone visiting, or something. We want no outsiders in this little paradise of ours."

Una smiled as she laid her hand softly in her husband's.

"Yes, I know," said she, "but would it be right and kind? Ought we to become selfish in our happiness, dear? Madeline Muir leads a dull life in this country, and I am sure we could make it pleasant for her?"

"Well, do just as you please about it, darling," said the husband, carelessly. "If she is your friend, she shall be welcome for your sake."

And Una Gray had kissed her husband, and decided that he was the noblest and best of men, before she wrote to Miss Muir to come.

But when Madeline arrived, with her golden curls and violet-blue eyes, and a variety of *toilettes* that made Una open her astonished eyes, matters assumed quite a different aspect.

Captain Gray roused at once out of his apathy, and at once pronounced Miss Muir "the most charming girl he had seen for a long time."

Jessie, who helped the young wife with her housekeeping, surveyed the big trunks with a doubtful eye.

"My dear," said she to Una, in a whisper, "do you suppose she means to stay all winter?"

"I am sure I do not know," Una had answered, laughing. "She is very lovely, you know, and it makes the house lively to have her here."

"Yes," said Jessie; "but I don't think she ought to have asked Clarence to take her to the opera, and you remain at home on the score of economy."

"She is so very thoughtless and impulsive," immediately apologized Una, coloring a little.

"And the new music that Clarence brought home—she took it, and thanked him in such a smiling, effusive way, before he had a chance to say that it was for you."

"Oh, never mind these little things," said Una. "She is my guest, and I want her to enjoy herself."

"She'll enjoy herself, never fear," said Jessie.

"I say, Una," said Clarence Gray, one day, as he surveyed his wife with rather a critical glance; "why do you always wear those sombre black silk dresses? Why don't you put on something light and airy, such as Miss Muir wears?"

Una turned red.

"You forget, Clarence, that I am not yet out of mourning for poor uncle Godfrey!" said she.

"And your hair—your dress, is so like a nun," he added. "Now Madeline is all crimped and flowing, like a shower of gold!"

"But she is a blonde, and I am a brunette."

"Oh, well, that makes no great difference," said Captain Gray. "I do wish you would take a little more pains with your dress."

"You used to be satisfied with me just as I was," said Una, the tears starting to her eyes.

"There," he said, "now you are flying into a passion."

And he turned round upon his heel and walked out of the room, while Una hid her face in the sofa pillows and indulged in a good cry.

She was jealous at last. Jessie read the troubled and wistful expression of her face aright.

Clarence had no longer either eyes nor ears for his three months wedded wife. He sat by Madeline Muir's work-table; he hung enraptured over the piano when the golden-haired blonde sang or rattled off bewildering bits of Beethoven; he played chess with her by the hour, while poor Una tried to amuse herself with a book, or stitched patiently away at Clarence's new wristbands.

"It's a shame," said Jessie to herself. "A burning shame. And if our Una hadn't the temper of an angel she'd tell that yellow-haired siren to go home about her business."

But Una Gray was not what the world calls "a woman of spirit." She could only endure in silent agony.

But one day Miss Muir was curled up on Una's sofa by the fire, writing, when the door bell rang.

"Dear me!" said Madeline, jumping up, putting her hand instinctively to the *chevaux de frise* of crimping pins on the top of her head; "it's Mr. Sedley, and me such a figure as this."

And, catching up her inkstand and portfolio, away she flew to her own room, all unconscious that the half-completed letter on which she had been engaged had slipped down to the carpet, where it lay when Jessie came in.

"Humph!" said Jessie to herself, as her eye fell on the pretty Italian handwriting; "I don't often pry into my neighbor's business, but I should really like to know what all this is about."

And she read as follows:

"Of course, my dearest Decima, I needn't tell you that I am enjoying a delightful time here. I am having a splendid flirtation with my hostess' husband into the bargain. To be sure he's a fool, but one must amuse one's self, you know, and—"

Here the peal of the door-bell had interrupted the flow of Miss Muir's violet, inky, and vivacious sentiment.

"Indeed!" said Jessie, "this is quite a discovery. I don't think I have a right to keep it to myself."

And she took the sheet of scented paper to Captain Gray. He turned scarlet as he glanced over it.

"Does any one else know of this?" he asked.

"No one but our two selves;" answered Jessie.

"Put it back where you found it," said he. "Miss Muir will find out presently that there are more fools than one in the world!"

When Madeline came down to lunch she saw the sheet of paper still lying on the floor by the sofa.

"Dear me," said she, languidly stooping to reclaim it, "I was so busy upstairs trying the new way of doing up my hair, that I quite forgot my unfinished letter to Decima Dudley."

That evening Captain Gray walked straight to the sofa where Una was reclining with a headache, quite unobservant of the invitingly empty chair which Miss Muir had drawn up to her own side for his particular benefit.

"Una," said he, "how would you like a trip? Our regiment goes to Ireland next Tuesday, and I thought you would like to go."

Una's eyes brightened.

"Oh, Clarence!" cried she, "indeed I should enjoy it so much. But—Madeline—"

"Oh, pray take me with you," smiled Madeline.

Captain Gray turned and looked calmly in her face.

"I beg pardon, Miss Muir," said he, "but it will be convenient for me only to take my wife; and as your visit here has been prolonged to such a length, you will, perhaps, decide to return home before we leave."

Madeline Muir crimsoned to the roots of her radiant hair, and the appealing glance of her eyes were quite thrown away on the hard-hearted captain, and not even Una had a word to utter in her behalf.

She went home the next morning, in a state of unutterable indignation, and she was not asked to repeat her visit.

Una felt as if she had once more re-entered the gates of Paradise.

But she never knew what had broken the spell of Madeline Muir's baleful fascinations, for Jessie kept her own counsel. And the young wife never had occasion to be jealous again.

A teacher in Springfield, Mass., asserts that profanity is increasing among the school-boys, and says that he has known instances where a lot of them have arranged themselves in a line along the fence and set up a competitive swearing exercise, just to see who could utter the most frightful oaths.

My First Patient.

BY J. RALFOUR NEFF.

I HAD just graduated from a prominent medical college. My diploma was granted me, and I was now legally privileged to practice as surgeon and physician.

I had studied hard as a student; and now I concluded to have a few months of recreation before permanently establishing myself as a practitioner.

It was a mild November day upon which I left the great city, for a little town in the State of Pennsylvania.

I went to visit my pretty cousin—Miss Elvira Adison, who was living here with her foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fulmer. It was my first visit here, since they lived in this unusually quiet inland town.

One day, soon after my arrival at Mr. Fulmer's, when I had finished reading the local paper, my cousin asked me whether I had noticed the announcement of the ball that was to be given that same evening at the principal hotel of the place.

"I have read it, El," I said, indifferently.

"Well you'll go with me, will you not?"

"I don't know. I don't care for dancing. I have only danced twice in seven years and I detest a ball-room, since the last occasion."

"Indeed, and pray what has caused you to be so doltish? Surely those two letters that you have a right to append to your name hasn't made you so disrespectful towards pleasure!"

"Not at all, not all! But I don't—"

"No!" she interrupted, "do you think that I believe you? You are merely trying to find how big a fib you can palm off upon me. I know you Frank Cornman! I'm sure you love dancing, as you did seven years ago."

"Well I used to like to dance, that's true: and perhaps I'd like it quite well yet. I'll go with you, but I think I shall not dance to-night."

"Shall not! I'd like to know why?"

"I can tell you, Elvira."

"Then do, please; it must be for some strange reason, certainly."

"'Tis so; but I'll tell you: I once accompanied a lady to a ball—she was my betrothed. Elvira, you know my jealous disposition, to be sure; well, she too had a jealous inclination; now, it so happened that she danced—as I thought—rather too often with one particular gentleman, whom I disliked. Whether she did this to try me or for some other reason I'm not prepared to say; but I'll acknowledge that I was foolish enough to evince my temper; and for a sort of revenge, I commenced a nonsensical conversation, in a low subdued manner, with a pretty coquettish young lady who chanced to be there, and whom I was aware was not liked the least bit by my betrothed.

The result of this was we quarreled; but when a few days had passed, and I had now a decided longing to make up with her; but when I, the next day, called at her uncle's residence, I was politely informed that she had left—had accompanied her cousin to San Francisco. It was the truth; already had come the payment for my gross conduct towards her. To make a long story short, I felt intensely wretched, and since that night I've hated dancing and all its appurtenances.

"And have you seen her no more since?"

"No; soon after I went and shut myself up in the medical college—more for the reason to forget her than to study medicine; but despite these five years' attentive study, I've not forgot her."

"And what's her name, Frank—who might she be?"

"Eva Lampton. Did you ever hear that name? do you know her?"

"No, I've never heard it. But Frank you don't mean to die a bachelor, I'm sure?"

"Ah, El, you rogue, I suspect. Are you turning your hand—or tongue—to match-making?"

"Indeed, I'm afraid you'll need the services of some matrimonial broker, unless to-night at the ball you might fall in—"

"Oh, you, what nonsense you're talking. However, since you're so very anxious, I'll go with you to the ball."

"That's right; that's something like yourself. We'll start at seven."

That hour was not long coming and when we came to the ball-room she introduced me to all the ladies, with the exception of one, who was a stranger to her, as well as to me; the stranger, however, was known to one of the ladies to whom I had just been presented, and through her I soon afterward learned that she was a young widow, by the name of Mrs. Wallace, who had come to the town only two days before.

I enjoyed the dancing very much; and I began to think Elvira's prediction was realized. I really commenced to fancy this Mrs. Wallace.

I hardly knew what power she had over me; but she seemed to carry a peculiar, familiar air about herself. She seemed like some one whom I had seen before—like she whom I had loved so long; yet I was not sure whether it was really she. She seemed not to recognize me, and if it was she, she did perhaps not know me.

I now became desirous to dance with Mrs. Wallace, for the obvious reason to ascertain whether she really was whom I now certainly thought her to be.

The lady from whom I had learned her name, volunteered to introduce me to her; but as we advanced to where she was seated the disastrous cry of "Fire! Fire!" rang through the spacious dance hall.

It was discovered that the building was burning in an obscure angle, which caused an instantaneous rush for the stair-way; and through this unfortunately, Mrs. Wallace fell down the entire flight, and sustained a broken arm.

She was at once conveyed to my cousin's home—it being quite near—and as I was the only physician present, I forthwith restored her to consciousness and attended to her broken arm.

Mrs. Wallace, her aunt, who had come with her to the town, and had soon heard of the disaster, came into the room. It was now vacated by all, except my patient, her aunt, and the latter's daughter—the lady who had volunteered to introduce me.

The mother and daughter, in their conversation with each other, made a few remarks that assured me that my patient was really the one whom I suspected her to be.

The following afternoon, as I, for the third time entered her apartment, she was seated in a rocking chair, before the glowing grate.

"O doctor, how glad I am to see you," she said with a sad smile.

"Thanks, Mrs. Wallace; how's your arm?"

"Oh, there's still some pain; but it is not so severe as it has been this morning; but I've learned something delightful to-day—at noon. Miss Elvira tells me you are her cousin, Mr. Frank Cornman."

"That's so, Mrs. Wallace."

"Oh Frank; can't you say Eva? It would be more like long ago."

"And did you not recognize me?"

"Not exactly, Frank; yet, I had a vague suspicion that prompted me to ask Elvira."

"And she, undoubtedly, told you something more than just my name."

"True, Frank, she told me indeed welcome things."

"Strange, how we met; just as we parted—at a ball."

"Indeed, Frank, it's strange—and as Elvira has told me, I must be your first patient!"

"'Tis true, Eva—and it was my first ball too, since that time."

Naturally enough then our conversation drifted to her past life, and she told how, in her madness, not hearing from me, she had married a man she did not love. Her days with him were cursed, for he was a drunkard, and one of his drinking sprees had caused his death. After that event she had come to live with her aunt.

It was a sad, sad tale she told me, and her sufferings must indeed have been worse than mine. And when all was spoken there came both forgiveness for the past and sweet promises for the future, and we parted reconciled as betrothed lovers.

A few days later she went to her cousin's residence, where she and her aunt were staying till Spring, and as may be supposed, I attended my "first patient" quite regularly.

Towards the following Spring, I was the husband of Eva Lampton. Elvira Adison was principal brides maid; my thanks are always due her and her persuasive power that coaxed me to that ball. She claims to this day that she had been my matrimonial broker.

FRENCH THRIFT.—The most striking fact with regard to the French working classes is that nearly all of them are possessed of money. However little they earn, they save something. Thrift is their great characteristic; in fact, it is said of the French operatives that they spend less in proportion to their means than any in the world. Many keep their accumulations in an old stocking secreted in their houses; others—a daily increasing number—invest in various securities, the most popular investment being the purchase of land. Every Frenchman, when he can, becomes the owner of the house in which he lives. Of course he is greatly aided in this by the French land laws and laws of inheritance, which cut the whole country up into small holdings.

THE ENGLISH DUKE.—The English title of "duke" has from its first introduction in the fourteenth century been a mere honorary distinction. For a time it was confined to princes of the blood royal. On the accession of Elizabeth only one English duke existed—the Duke of Norfolk, who was a Catholic. At the "Restoration" the number was increased by Charles II. Only three of the present dukedoms date from before his time.

LIVE JEWELRY.—A lady of fashion—Madame Musard—startled Paris, some ten years ago, by appearing at a ball with a live snake around her shapely arm. The snake was bound with a thin chain to a splendid diamond bracelet, and at once became a subject of intense excitement to the audience. Several weak imitations in the shape of live lizards, etc., made their appearance in the following days; but the fashion did not take, and it soon died out.

SPRING.

When spring is here,
And hawthorn boughs are white with bloom of May
And singing birds make happy music near,
Oh, then a thousand hearts keep holiday.

Life is more sweet;
Youth revels in it with an added zest,
Slow pulse of age warms to a quicker beat,
And grief sits lighter in the mourner's breast.

For lo, the rain
Is over, and the night is past and gone,
Joy with the radiant morning comes again,
And these bright hours are as the gracious dawn.

Thank God for Spring!
Hopes dear and tender throng its pleasant days.
Now that all nature is awakening,
Wake, too, my soul, in strains of grateful praise.

Beyond the Grave.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

ON the rustic bench near the hill top, overlooking the river, a youthful couple sat, gazing silently out towards the other shore.

Evidently lovers,—yet not happy lovers. Had they been so, at least at this particular moment, the two shadows cast by the full moon behind them were hardly separated by such a widened belt of light.

His arm on the back of the seat and his head leaning on his hand, there was a look of quiet determination in the full handsome face that plainly spoke the strong soul within. And her features, only more fair than his, in that they were a woman's, were as firm set and resolute as his own.

For some moments the still quiet of the spot was only broken by the splashing of the waves below. Then the young man, half rising, spoke:

"Florence, under any circumstances such conduct were unreasonable, but now—" he hesitated a moment and looked directly at her before continuing.

"Well, what now?" she suggested, her cheeks flushing in the light, as her eyes met his defiantly.

"It is absolutely foolish."

The words were uttered with a cool deliberation that could leave no doubt he meant them.

"Oh, indeed! I'm sure I'm obliged for your good opinion, Mr. Leighton. Your frankness is positively amusing;" and she burst into an hysterical little laugh that certainly had considerable trouble in getting into existence.

The man's face grew a shade sterner as he watched her, and her eyes fell beneath his meaning glance.

"Florence, I want you to treat this matter seriously. It may have a serious determination for me—for both of us. There can be no perfect love without perfect faith; and if you believe others in preference to me, you lack that which is necessary for our happiness. There never was a man or woman—who really deserved the name—that had not enemies, and we can hardly hope to escape them. But if we confide in and trust each other, so far as concerns us their efforts will be fruitless."

This was treading on the original point of the quarrel, and as Florence Edwards sat there listening to her lover's slow, thoughtful voice, her mind reverted, half ashamed, to its cause.

The young physician, Alfred Leighton, was more than a favorite in Carlington, and there were many fair maidens who would have willingly taken the place in his heart now filled by Florence. But he seemed satisfied with the love of the bright eyed, golden haired girl, and though ever courteous to all, gave little chance by his attentions, for the gossips to claim his affection was ever doubtful in its fealty.

There came a time, however, when the sky was overcast. Busy tongues had begun to say Doctor Leighton visited Squire Desmond's far oftener than professional duty to his invalid son required.

Pretty Alice Desmond was known to warmly admire the handsome young physician, and people only too readily sought in this fact an explanation of his frequent calls at Desmond Hall. The girl herself thoughtlessly and undreaming of ill consequences, had in a measure endorsed the story.

In this shape it had come to Florence's ears, and she had taxed him with his duplicity there at their favorite seat. He indignantly denied its truth, but in the full spirit of feminine perversity, she persisted in pretending to believe it.

These reflections, like an undertone in music, followed him as he spoke. When his last words died away, and he drew nearer to her, she longed to throw her arms about his neck and speak with her lips the feeling in her heart, but the whim of coquetry was too strong upon her. It was so pleasant to be humored, petted and pampered that she let the better impulse die and obeyed the worse.

Had it been otherwise how much of misery might have been saved to them. But it was not to be.

"You know, Mr. Leighton," was her calm reply. "I am absolutely 'too foolish' to judge of such matters. My impression is, however, that Miss Desmond will fully answer your expectations."

She would have spoken further, but his almost harsh interruption stopped her.

"Then you still believe this miserable lie?"

The tones, without the least trace of their old time gentleness stung her to the quick, and she answered without hesitation and without thought:

"Yes, and until the contrary is proven will continue so to do!"

From this both being equally proud and determined the result was easily forecast. Enough to say they parted. Perhaps not full of hate but certainly of gall and bitterness.

And, in her present resolve to only take matters in the wrong way, it was not hard for Florence to convince herself that she was right. There may have been times when she wished it could all have been undone, but her pride told her these were only weaknesses.

As for Alfred Leighton, none knew what he suffered. He made his rounds with his former care; was kindly and courteous to all as had been his wont, and showed no outward sign of the storm that may have raged within. But he never saw nor spoke of Florence Edwards.

Of course in Carlington the estrangement was soon known and many divined its cause; and those who had been in doubt before now felt certain, seeing that Leighton's gig was at Desmond Hall morning, noon and night.

"Alice Desmond has won him," said the gossips, and plumed themselves upon their penetration.

But if they had wished they might have interpreted it differently. Ere long the news came out that young John Desmond—Leighton's patient—was dying, and on the heels of this followed the announcement that he was dead.

Some of the more just of the talk-mongers then confessed they may have been too precipitate, but the many still clung to their old belief.

And Florence Edwards persuaded herself that she was of them. Very likely it would not have required much argument—particularly if Doctor Leighton were the advocate—to convince her of her error—but he never came.

A year passed and brought with it numerous changes. Many new people came to the little town and many left it. Among these was Doctor Leighton. He had an offer of a larger practice in a distant town and he went there. The greater advantage however, may not have been his only motive. Perhaps the old spot was filled with memories too sweet to be a happy abiding place.

So Leighton was succeeded by another physician, and almost the first visit the new doctor made was to Desmond Hall. The town was surprised and wondered who it could be now. And when it became known pretty Alice Desmond was smitten by the terrible disease that had taken her brother and her mother, there were few hearts that did not grow sadder at her fate.

Day after day the gig stopped at the Hall But as often as the doctor was asked about his girl patient, he only shook his head. It was but too plain he feared the worst.

Winter had gone, and with the spring—the season of youth and happiness—Alice Desmond passed away. In the morning never since her illness had she felt so well, and at even she lay a corpse.

The only ones with her when she died were Florence Edwards and her nurse. She had sent for the former towards the end and spoke with her long and earnestly.

The nurse afterward said that Doctor Leighton was their theme, and that almost the last words of the dying girl had been:

"It was I who separated you, and my going will again make you friends. I may not live to see it, but something tells me I shall feel it, even beyond the grave."

But this, perhaps, was only an old woman's gossip.

The long-settled look of sadness on Florence's face became deeper, as the summer passed and gave place to the winter's snow; and another Spring's grass and flowers bloomed over Alice's tomb.

Many and many a day Florence spent by the little mound in the cemetery. There was a quietness in the silent companionship of the spot that brought something of a longed-for peace to her heavy heart.

Long since had she confessed to herself the error of that bitter night. And it had not needed the words of the dying Alice to tell her the truth. It was pride alone that had withstood it from the first, and it made a sad and weary work.

It was even such a glorious afternoon as this—that last happy one she had known. And seated there beside Alice's grave the twilight gave way to deeper shadows, silvered by the rising moon. Even had she been conscious of time's flight, fear in such a place were want of reverence.

A foot-fall near at hand roused her from her reverie. Raising her head she saw opposite, standing by the grave yet watching her, Alfred Leighton. Visiting the town hurriedly he had thought of seeing the cemetary ere his departure and thus was he there.

In an instant a flood of feeling rolled across Florence's soul. All that the past held appeared before her in a flash. And the dying words of her, beside whose grave they stood, came with redoubled force to her memory.

"I shall feel it and know it beyond the grave."

Pride no longer had the mastery, and love alone held away. She rose from her seat and stretched her hands to him across the grave.

"Oh, Alfred, love, my heart is breaking. I want you to speak to me—to forgive me."

Sobs choked her utterance, and she sought to kneel before him on the grass-grown mound. But his arm prevented it.

"Through her who lies below, Florence, we were parted, and through her it has been God's will that we should meet again. And it is more than a blessing, my darling, that in this home of peace, peace should once visit our lives, never let us hope to depart."

The moon was high when they left the grounds that night, but wherever she shone her light saw none happier than this loving couple so sadly parted and so gladly met.

WEDDING GIFTS.

WEDDING presents, now so common in the first stage of matrimony, have come down from the feudal system. In almost all parts of the civilized world such things are given and received, and, I might add—expected. In a start in married life certain necessaries in the way of furniture, crockery, and so on, were always acceptable. Rich people and feudal lords would not object, on the bridal of their daughters, to receive presents from their vassals. In different countries different modes. The penny weddings in Scotland are peculiar. Invited guests make contributions in money. One shilling is the general tribute, and half a crown is the princely offering. Out of the sum thus collected the not very costly expenses of the feast were paid, and the surplus went towards buying the furniture. In the weddings of the poorer classes in Ireland, this levying contributions on guests never takes place. There is a collection, however, to raise a sum for liberally compensating the clerical gentleman who "has tied the knot," and in the house of a rich farmer this swells up to a good round sum. In Wales, among the small farmers and traders, the custom prevails to this day of "bidding," not single guests, but whole families, to a wedding. That such an event is to come off, with the where and when, is duly advertised in the local newspaper, with a request that all persons who, in time past, have been similarly obliged in that manner, will attend, bringing presents for the bride and groom. Besides this, particular and almost peremptory invitations, in writing, are sent to each household on whom the to be wedded folks may have some especial claim for former generosity under like circumstances. Presents of all sorts—food, furniture, flour, fuel, table and chamber linen, even sheep, lambs, calves, goats and ponies—are among the gifts.

THE Earl of Lonsdale, the sale of whose effects recently occurred, is in his twenty-fourth year, and has contrived, since attaining his majority, to run his splendid estates in Westmoreland, yielding a revenue of $1 000 000 a year, into debt, and to spend $750 000 ready money besides. He married, a short time since, the beautiful Lady Gladys Herbert, sister of the Earl of Pembroke and daughter of Lord Herbert of Lea, better known as Sidney Herbert, an eminent British statesman. The marriage was the lady's own choice, being against the wish of the family, and her brother refusing to attend the wedding on account of Lonsdale's habitual intemperance and spendthrift habits. In two months Lady Gladys had to return to her mother, and her husband committed the disgraceful act of announcing in the papers that he would not be responsible for her bills.

THE friends of a citizen of Baltimore have asked for the appointment of a guardian for him, on the ground that he is insane and is squandering his property. They say that he bought $10 000 worth of furniture, and put a costly rosewood set of furniture, with satin damask covering, in the cellar, where chickens roosted upon it and made their nests. Also, that he purchased eighteen clocks and as many bronzes, and when remonstrated with said that he had purchased them for eighteen houses he intended to build in Washington, to let to Congressmen.

IT is said of the late Asa Otis, of New London, Conn., who left nearly a million dollars to the cause of foreign missions, that probably no man in the United States spent less for personal adornment than he. He was never shabby nor untidy in appearance, but he clung with a love surpassing that of women to a linen suit of scant measure in summer time, and a suit of prehistoric pattern clothed him in the winter season. He kept no horses, did his marketing himself, and carried home his purchases in a large willow basket.

Scientific and Useful.

SAFETY GAUZE FOR BOILERS, ETC.—As tallow-melters, oil-boilers, varnish makers, and others, are very liable to accidents from fire, the application of Sir H. Davy's discovery of wire gauze, as in the miner's lamp, is suggested, for the prevention of accidents by covering the boilers and vats during operation with a drumhead or dome of wire gauze.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.—One ton of good coal gives off from nine to ten thousand cubic feet of gas. Every cubic foot of gas burned requires ten cubic feet of air for its perfect combustion. It has been computed that 13 000 cubic miles of water are evaporated every year from the several surfaces of seas, lakes, rivers, and wet lands of the globe. The same quantity necessarily falls again in the form of rain and dew.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—One of the objections urged against the electric light, is, that in order to subdue its dazzling brilliance nearly one-half of the light must be cut off by screens more or less opaque. It occurred to a Frenchman, that as clouds temper the brightness of the sun, so an imitation of clouds by wadding made of glass fibre would temper the electric light; and by substituting screens of glass wadding he reduces the loss of light to twenty-five per cent., and at the same time gets rid of the shadows thrown by the opaque screens.

THE USE OF CHLOROFORM.—A physician of Berlin seems to have made a discovery of the utmost importance, if his experiments do not mislead. He has found that the addition of one part of rectified oil of turpentine to five of chloroform, in the administration of that anæsthetic, appears to exert a stimulating or life-giving effect on the lungs, and protects these organs from passing into the paralyzed state which seems to be produced by chloroform narcosis, and thus the danger of accidents from its use may, he believes, be entirely avoided.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SEALS.—A photographer in Germany has made seals and stamps with the portraits of his customers. A thin layer of gelatine sensitized with bichromate of potash, is exposed to the action of light under a photographic positive, by which the parts acted upon are rendered insoluble in water. The gelatine film is immersed in water, and the parts not acted upon by light swell up, and we obtain a picture in relief, of which a plaster cast can be taken. A galvanoplastic copy being taken of the cast, we have a metallic fac-simile of the photograph, which can be employed as a seal.

HOW TO SEE THE WIND.—Take a polished metallic surface of two feet or more, with a straight edge—a large hand saw will answer the purpose. Take a windy day, whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy, only let it not rain or the air be murky; in other words let the air be dry and clear, but this is not essential. Hold your metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind—i. e., if the wind is north, hold your surface east and west, but instead of holding the surface vertical, incline it about forty-five degrees to the horizon, so that the wind, striking, glances and flows over the edge (keeping it straight) as water over a dam. Now sight carefully over the edge at some minute and sharply defined object, and you will see the air flow over the edge as water over a dam; make your observations carefully, and you will hardly fail to see the air, no matter how cold; the result is even better when the sun is obscured.

Farm and Garden.

WATERING HORSES.—Horses should be watered in the morning before they are fed. A full drink of water immediately after being fed is a sure way of producing indigestion, if not inflammation. When water is drank by horses the bulk of it goes directly to the intestines, and little of it is retained in the stomach.

APPLE ORCHARDS.—If you have not a young orchard plant one this spring. Farmers often do not seem to realize that the old orchards will not bear forever. Plant only standard varieties that are known to do well in your neighborhood; let the varieties be few, and nine tenths of them the long keepers. Late winter apples can be sold eight months in the year, and almost always bring extra prices in the spring.

THE TEA PLANT.—Fifty thousand tea plants have been distributed in the Middle and Southern States, and in from three to four years they will have attained a size to permit a full picking. Experiments have been made with leaves raised in the grounds of the Agricultural Department, and in the Carolinas and Georgia, which were prepared after the Japanese method, with perfect success. Some of the samples were declared to be, by dealers and experts, excellent "Oolong," and the tea made from it "as good as could be bought anywhere."

INSECTIVOROUS BIRDS.—Few of us are sufficiently aware of the true value of our insectivorous birds. From early spring until late autumn these restless visitors haunt the fields and gardens in quest of food, prying into every nook and crevice where the destroyers of our crops lie concealed, a countless host of which falls a prey to their busy search during the seasons of planting and harvest. Every bird that frequents a farm—if we except the henhawk and crow—comes to offer us an unpaid service, whose importance we can hardly overestimate.

HOUSE INSECTS, ETC.—No insect which usually infests the house and crawls over the floors or wood work can live under the application of hot alum water. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders and chintz bugs. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water. Let it stand on the fire until the alum is all melted; then apply it with a brush (while nearly boiling hot) to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry-shelves, etc. If, in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the whitewash, it will keep off insects.

CARE OF WOUNDS.—As soon as the wound is inflicted get a little stick—a knife or file handle will do—and commence to rap gently on the wound. Do not stop for the hurt, but continue until it bleeds freely and becomes perfectly numb. When this point is reached you are safe—all that is necessary is to protect it from the dirt. Do not stop short of the bleeding and the numbness, and do not, on any account, close the opening with plaster. We have used, and seen this used, on all kinds of simple punctures for thirty years, and never knew a single instance of a wound becoming inflamed or sore after treatment as above.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FIFTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

TERMS:

$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

CLUB RATES.

One copy, one year	$2.00
Two copies, one year	3.50
Four copies, one year	6.00
Ten copies, one year, and an extra copy to getter-up of club	15.00
Fifteen copies, one year, and one to getter-up of club	20.00
Twenty copies, one year, and one to getter-up of club	25.00

NOW IS THE TIME TO ORGANIZE CLUBS.

Our readers everywhere can aid us by showing THE POST to their friends and asking them to join a club.

By doing so you will confer a favor on us and save money for them. For instance! Get three friends to join you and you each get THE POST one year at $1.50. Again: Get the order of ten friends at $1.50 each, and we send you a copy FREE; or, divide the $15.00 by eleven, and you each get your paper for $1.37. Or, secure a club of fifteen with one copy free and you get THE POST one year—13 times—at only $1.23 each.

Money for clubs should be sent all at one time. Additions may be made at any time at same rate. It is not necessary that all the subscribers in a club should go to the same Post-office.

Remit always by Post-office money order, draft on Philadelphia or New York, or send money in a registered letter.

☞ To secure the premium oleographs—"The White Mountains" and "The Yellowstone," add Fifty Cents for them, unmounted; or, One Dollar, mounted on canvas and stretcher, to each subscription, whether singly or in clubs.

We send paper and premiums postpaid, in every case.

Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom st., Phila.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 26 1879.

CONVERSATION.

IF we would be agreeable and improving companions, we must be good listeners, as well as good talkers, and carefully observe certain occasions of silence. Nowhere is there room for the display of good manners so much as in conversation. It is a part of good manners not to talk too much. Remembering that the first syllable of the word conversation is con (with), that it means talking *with* another, we should abstain from lecturing, and be as ready to listen as to talk. In all ages, women's conversation has been made a subject for ridicule. They are said to talk too much; to have venomous, spiteful tongues, to be addicted to gossiping, to disdain argumentation, and sense, in their talk. For ourselves we believe that the sins of the tongue are committed about equally by both sexes. Of course women have more talking to do than men have, for social intercourse is mainly indebted to them for its existence. And their desire to please in society may sometimes tempt women to talk too much. Let not the Cynic quote in reference to the conversation of such women, Pope's lines:

> Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
> Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

What are, and what are not "woman's rights," is a point much disputed; but that it is their duty to cultivate the art of conversation, none will question. But as the hearts of women are kind and sympathetic, so have they no excuse for crushing little sensibilities, violating little proprieties, and overlooking little discriminations; in a word, for committing those faults which make the conversation of ill-natured people so dispiriting and painful.

The aim of every talker should be never to be long, and never to be wrong. And the only way we can approximate to this perfection of sociableness is to cultivate both our heads and our hearts. The conversation of really cultured people is never vulgar, and never empty; more than this, it is free from envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. Within certain easily defined limits gossip is agreeable and essential to the carrying on of polite intercourse. If all gossip were strictly eliminated from conversation, conversation would cease to be. We could not always engage in metaphysical discussions. We cannot always throw ourselves with animation into the political changes of the world. The gossip on which we should frown, which we should not tolerate in our hearing, or allow to pass without indignant protest, is that which concerns the motives and characters of others, that which maligns the absent, and that which is in feeling and purpose unkindly. Slander should be put down resolutely; and that sort of insinuations which tends towards slander should meet determined opposition. A lie which is half a truth is ever the worst of lies.

THERE is a very false notion in the world respecting employment. Thousands imagine that if they could live in idleness they would be perfectly happy. This is a great mistake. Every industrious man and woman knows that nothing is so tiresome as being unemployed. During some seasons of the year we have holidays, and it is pleasing on these occasions to see the operative enjoy himself; but we have generally found that after two or three days' recreation the diligent mechanic or laborer becomes quite unhappy. Often he sighs over the wretchedness of being idle. The fact is, we are made to labor; and our health, comfort and happiness depend upon exertion. Whether we look at our bodies or examine our minds, everything tells us that our Creator intended that we should be active. Hands, feet, eyes, and mental powers, show that we were born to be doing. If we had been made to be idle, a very large portion of our bodily and mental faculties would be redundant.

SANCTUM CHAT.

WHAT is supposed to be the largest tree in the Southern States is a tulip bearing poplar near Augusta, Ga., which is 155 feet hight and 9 feet in diameter, its lowest branches being 55 feet from the ground.

A GERMAN physician of celebrity has lately been investigating the subject of early rising, and has come to the conclusion that, far from making a man "healthy, wealthy and wise," it has quite the contrary effect, and shortens life instead of prolonging it. In the majority of cases which he has investigated the long-livers have indulged in late hours, and at least eight out of every ten persons that attained the age of eighty years, and upward, were in the habit of not retiring to rest until the small hours, and of remaining in bed until the day was far advanced. He has no doubt whatever that early rising is a most pernicious habit for those who go to bed late, and, like Charles Lamb, thinks it better for everybody to delay getting up until the morning has had a chance to become well aired.

LEADING German newspapers give descriptions of the persons who attend, and of business done at the weekly parliamentary soirees given by Prince Bismarck, their important political influence being recognized. Tobacco is smoked, beer is drank from silver mugs, and the opinions of representatives and journalists are swayed by the fascinating statesmen. There are subsequent suppers for ladies, no servants being present, and after that champagne is offered; but even the ladies prefer silver mugs of beer. Prince Bismarck's great dog, the "Reichshund," still lives, and is a prominent figure at the Chancellor's "parliamentary soirees." As soon as the visitor has disencumbered himself of hat and overcoat, the Prince and his sons come forward to receive him, usually accompanied by the renowned dog, which put Prince Gortschakoff in such terror during the Berlin Congress.

PREVIOUS to the abolition of serfdom, the Russian nobles were thought in Europe the richest and most liberal men in the world. In Paris, Vienna, and elsewhere they were in the habit of scattering their gold with lavish hand. The emancipation ukase of 1861 put an end to their preposterous displays of extravagance. Now and then, however, an aristocratic Russian, perhaps a lady, turns up in Paris to revive the memory of old times. A Russian princess has within the past few years been the rage in Paris, creating a world of gossip by the costliness and charm of her dress and jewelry, and by the artistic splendor of her salon, which, during the whole of one winter, was decorated every Saturday with new wall paper, furniture, carpets and pictures. Waddington, Gambetta, and other French statesmen, as well as ambassadors and celebrities of all kinds, have been among the habitues of her salon.

Fox hunting abroad has proved as expensive as it is hightoned. There are not less than 168 separate packs of foxhounds maintained at present in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, numbering between them an aggregate of 6,600 couples of hounds. It is difficult to assess the cost of keeping these packs. A writer so far back as 1866 puts the total expense for the season of hunting a county three days a week at $6,750. The Earl of Wilton, writing more recently, increases the estimate to $8,125, with an addition of $1,500 if a huntsman be kept. Fox hounds of a high breed are very valuable; at a sale in 1870 forty-three hounds produced over $15,000. Giving 150 horsemen to each chase, and reckoning that 140 packs in England hunt four days per week, it is calculated that the fox causes the expenditure in England alone of $5,000,000 a year. And yet the times are hard over there as well as in this country.

THE re-establishment of capital punishment in Switzerland will be a severe blow to those who advocated its abolition all over the world. The new Swiss Constitution of 1848 began by abolishing the death penalty for political crimes. Then the cantons of Freiburg, Neuchatel, and Zurich did away with it for all crimes in 1864, the canton of Tessino following their lead three years later. In 1874 the canton of Freiburg reimposed capital punishment, both infanticide and assassination having enormously increased, but it only remained on the statute-book for five months, for before the close of the same year the new Federal Penal Code had abolished capital punishment altogether in all the cantons. And so perpetual imprisonment has been tried just five years all over Switzerland as the punishment for murder, and found wanting; that is, it has been found insufficient to deter the criminal classes from perpetrating the most heinous of crimes. The truth of the matter is that perpetual imprisonment did not mean imprisonment for life in Switzerland any more than anywhere else. Administered after this fashion, it may easily be imagined that it soon ceased to have much deterrent effect, so that in sheer self-defence the law abiding portion of the Swiss community have been forced to recur to the old fashioned penalty.

SEWING is a sort of secret handwriting peculiar to women. Many a strange history, many a life's poem, has been traced in thread by the needle, hemmed into sheets, darned into stockings to be trodden under a thankless foot, stitched into wreathings of flowers and garlands. Every day these records are written, but never read. Characters marked in invisible ink will lie hidden in blank parchment, unsuspected, for years, and at last the breath of fire, like the touch of a wizard, will call them to light, and deliver their message. But no sage will ever translate the histories traced by the needle, of patience, of heroism, of passion, and anguish. How they are written and stored, these poems! Every household has its stores of such family archives. In the linen chests they lie; on the shelves of deep presses; in the drawers strewn with lavender; in the wardrobe hung with dresses; in the cupboard with mended hose; in the locked drawer where the little trousseau is arranged, smooth and orderly, of the baby who died; in the trunks, packed between laughing and crying, of the bride who will shortly go forth. If a light were suddenly given to read these hidden writings, what wild revelations, what beautiful lessons, what outpourings of joy, what majestic examples of endurance would startle the world, and make it blush for the affectations it treasures in staring print!

QUEEN VICTORIA has brought all her children up with ideas of strict economy. An illustration of one of the results is given in a Paris letter: "Her daughter who married the Crown Prince of Prussia, is in this respect a child after her mother's own heart. On the occasion of a large dinner given not long ago, her Royal Highness was seated at the table with her back turned to the *buffet* upon which carving took place, but on the other side of the room; directly opposite to her a long mirror reflected faithfully what she was supposed to ignore, and therein she saw—oh, horror of dishonesty—a head waiter take a chicken upon the fork, and instead of carving it for her guests, stick it, fork and all, into the wood under the table. After dinner her Royal Highness went as usual to the kitchen to see what became of undevoured food (for servants were not allowed to touch that) and there she counted five whole chickens. "Where," said this excellent housekeeper, "is the sixth?" From the cook to the last waiter all declared that it must have been eaten. "No," said her Royal Highness, "there were twelve chickens; six were carved, here are five; where is the twelfth?" After listening to culpable protestations she singled out the delinquent as chief executioner, and, followed by all the others, marched into the dining-room, where, raising the cloth from the carving table, she brought the missing chicken to light, and the astonished thief was forthwith dismissed."

COURT etiquette in England has been considerably relaxed since Prince Albert's death, before which it was very strict, as the Prince Consort was a great stickler for the proprieties, and had frequent occasion to remind the high-born young English ladies who were in attendance upon the Queen that they were expected to remain standing when Her Majesty or himself were in the room, and that they must not join, by word or laughter, in the conversation unless addressed or requested to do so. One of the maids of honor, who has since married a peer of the realm, was the fortunate possessor of a magnificent voice, and was one day bidden to sit down at the piano and sing something. She declined to do so, feeling nervous and forgetting that a Queen's request is tantamount to a command. The Queen insisted, but the lady urged that she had a cold. "Well, then, you had better go to bed," said Her Majesty. "No, thank you," was the reply; "but, if you don't mind, I'll sit down," and she did. Formerly a royal personage took nothing from the hands of any one who was not of "gentle blood," and the Queen herself is still very strict in requiring that all the personal attention she needs except at table is rendered by the ladies and gentlemen attached to her court. The Prince Consort when out shooting would never take his gun from the hands of a gamekeeper, but always required that it should first be given to an equerry-in-waiting. The Queen is in the habit of drinking a glass of water every night before retiring. Louis Philippe having heard of this custom, when Her Majesty visited him at the "Chateau d'Eu" in 1843 ordered a servant to present her with one. The Queen refused it, and the King, seeing from her manner that something was wrong, sent the glass again by one of his sons, and this time it was graciously accepted.

HERE is an end of all romance about hidden ocean depths. We can speculate no longer about pearls in chambers of pearl, or mermaids, or heaped treasures and dead men's bones whitening the coral caves. The whole ocean floor is now mapped out for us. The report of the exploring expedition sent out from London, in Her Majesty's ship Challenger, has recently been published. Nearly four years were given to the examination of the currents and floors of the four great oceans of the world. The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain ridge in the middle running parallel with the American coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on the top of which lies a submarine cable. The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer "unfathomable depths." The tops of these sea mountains are two miles below a sailing ship, and the basin, according to Reclus, fifteen miles, which is deep enough for drowning, if not for mystery. The depths are red in color, heaped with volcanic masses. Through the black motionless water of these abysses move gigantic abnormal creatures that never rise to the upper currents. There is an old legend coming down to us from the first ages of the world on which these scientific deep sea soundings throw a curious light. Plato and Solon recorded the tradition, ancient in their days, of a country in the western seas where flourished the first civilization of mankind which, by volcanic action, was submerged and lost. The same story is told by the Central Americans, who still celebrate in the feast of Izcali the frightful catastrophe which destroyed this land with its stately cities. De Bourbourg and other archæologists assert that this lost land extended from Mexico beyond the West Indies. The shape of the plateau discovered by the Challenger corresponds with this theory.

FADED.

Stay with me, relic of the rose
I gave her in love and June;
I knew she must send you back, I suppose,
Some autumn day; but the day she chose
Seems many a day too soon.

Silken coiled you lay in her breast,
And felt her heart grow cold;
And so died slowly, and least soft prest,
Not as my heart dies now, for the rest,
'Tis much the same when told.

A word may come, there may be room
To hope and hold your troth;
Lie here at my heart and share its doom—
If life, you may yet come forth from your tomb b;
If death, I have buried you both.

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XLIII.—[CONTINUED.]

There was nothing else for it. I knew that if he missed the sentry, he would most likely spoil my plan; so, at the risk of being seen by the watch, I stood boldly up in the sentry's place took a step this way and that way, and then began to whistle softly to myself.

It was a bold trick, but Laure was taken in. He could see some one was on guard; he could hear the watch; and the face of the man at the wheel was plain enough by the binnacle light, so that all seemed well

"If Rolls only makes his attempt now we're undone," I thought. But all kept still aft, and then I shuddered like for fear the Cuban should speak to me; but he did not say a word, only turned to go down again; and my breath came freer, as I felt for the lashings I had got ready for the prisoners I hoped to make; while I'm afraid if Laure had come to me then I should have been his death, and then have secured the cabin hatch.

As I said before, I breathed freer, and turned my attention to where the four men were at the rum; but the next moment I was taken all aback again, for Laure came up once more, stood still, as if listening, and then saying to me, "Keep a sharp look out," he turned once more to go.

"Right," I mumbled out, as if my mouth was ful of baccy; and the next minute I could hear his voice quite plain through the other half of the skylight.

"Now or never," I says to myself in dread lest that watchful cur should spoil my chance; and, going down on hands and knees, I leaned through the hole; for he had gone down to where those two poor women were, and I was in a state of horror as to how they'd fare.

"With a will, Mr. Dutch!" I says; and grasping my arms, next moment he was through, and lying on deck aside me, just as we could hear the scrooping noise of Rolls closing the hatch of the fore-cuddy.

Then up came the skipper and Mr. Parkley.

"Quick, Mr. Wilson!" I says; and the naturalist had hold of my arms; but, just as I expected, he shot up when he was wanted, for there was a slight scuffle by the wheel as I gave a heave, the watch stopped their chatter to listen, and as I rose up like to hoist Mr. Wilson out, he went back into the cabin with a crash, falling against the bulkhead which separated it from the cabin where Laure was, and if I had not darted to the hatch, he would have been up with the hellhounds at his back. But he was too late; I had the hatch over, and then turned to help Rolls, who, like a brick as he was, had gone to the watch, while Mr. Dutch dashed down to fetch up the women.

I need hardly tell you that the skipper was already in the thick of it; and Pollo coming up, having silenced his man with a tap on the head, it was even odds; but the fellows fought savagely, and it was not until the sentry was cut down, and another had a bullet through him, that the other two were lashed fast neck and heels together.

Now, all this time they had been thundering and battering away at both hatches, but I was in hopes that they would hold fast till our hands were at liberty, when a crash told us that something had given way, and, running aft, we heard two pistol-shots fired quickly, one after the other, and could see the flashes and a figure standing by the hatch.

My hand was raised to fire, but I dropped the pistol, for I remembered that it was empty; and, sword in hand, with my blood up, I dashed at whoever it might be, but only to miss my aim, for he darted aside, and caught my cutlass with his in an instant.

It was cleanly done, that guard; and I shouldn't have thought he had it in him, for it was no other than Wilson, who had climbed out, well armed, and sent a couple of shots through the hole Laure and his party had battered through the hatch. He was a friend in need and a friend in deed that time; for if he hadn't come up as he had, it would perhaps have gone precious hard with us

But there was no time to be lost, for I expected every moment they would find their way up on deck from one of the cabin windows; and now, in place of wishing for darkness, we prayed for light, so as to be able to see our enemies, and from which side we should next be attacked.

I wanted Mr. Dutch to take the lead, but he would not—only asked to be set his work, so I set him at the cabin hatch, Pollo I planted on the poop, to cut down the first man who should try to climb on deck; Mr. Parkley over the two bound men of the watch, and the wounded; and Rolls 'over the forksel; for, though we'd got the upper hand, there was no knowing for how long it would be; and, besides, we all knew well that if once the savages below got us under, there would be no mercy for us now.

What a night that was, and how long the day seemed coming! I was going about from place to place, to see if I could make out danger anywhere, when Mr. Dutch called to me, and made a communication, whose end was that, with Mr. Wilson's help, we drew the two prisoners to the cabin hatch, and left him to guard them and the cabin, while Mr. Dutch and I dropped through the skylight quick as thought. But they heard us through the bulkhead; and directly after we heard a hand on the door, and the key move, to which I answered with a shot, crashing through the panel, and whoever it was dropped, while for reply another bullet was sent back.

Mr. Pugh had darted to the inner cabin, while I kept guard, and now appeared with Mrs. Pugh, Mr. Studwick and his sister, she holding him on one side, and Mr. Meldon on the other.

"Quick as you can, sir," I whispered, "for there's some devilment 'most ready;" when, mounting the table himself, Mr. Dutch put a chair ready, and helped Mr. Studwick and his sister up beside him. He then drew up the chair, planted it firmly, and was through the skylight in an instant. He then asked Miss Studwick to mount, but she would not until after her brother; and, with the doctor's help, the poor feeble young fellow was dragged up Then I heard a sound as startled me, and running to the table, I caught Mrs. Pugh in my arms, and dragged her down and to one side, just before three or four pistol shots came tearing through the bulkhead, making the splinters fly in all directions.

"Now, up quick," I said; and leaping on to the table, I dragged her on, lifted her in my arms to Mr. Dutch, and the next minute she was in safety, when expecting another firing, I jumped down again, and went on my hands and knees.

Just as I expected, they fired again; but, being dark, their shots did not tell; and before they could reload, I had jumped upon the table and climbed out to the rest.

"It's a wonder almost that they did not try to make them safe before," I said, panting; and then, having made Mr. Studwick, his sister, and Mr. Pugh comfortable under the bulwarks, we began to take steps for making ourselves a little surer. For instance, we laid a tarpaulin on the cabin skylight, and a spare sail over that, and then again on the sail we coiled all the ropes and cable we could. The cabin and forksel hatches we served in the same way, and so it was quite impossible for any one to get up that way; while just about daybreak, when a head appeared over the rail, close to the wheel, the chop old Rasp gave sent it back again in a moment, so that there did not seem much to fear for at present.

Daylight, and then glorious sunrise—a big word that for a common sailor; but sailors, as a rule think a deal of the bright sunshine and the dancing waters. And a bright morning that was, cheering us all up, so that, with a grin, I went to Mr. Dutch and axed his pardon for hitting him—axing too, at the same time, how he found himself after the stab I put in his pocket. But there, instead of laughing, if he didn't turn all of a tremble, and his voice was husky as he shook me by both hands, and says—

"God bless you, Oakum, and forgive me for ever doubting so true a man."

"Don't you be in a hurry, sir, with your thanks. Maybe we ain't half done yet. We've divided the ship, and got the deck and a beaker of water, and there's what rum them four didn't finish; but they've got the below decks and all the prog, unless we can find some anywhere else. We've got the upper hand, but now the question is, can we keep it?"

"No, you can't," shouts one of the fellows lying tied on the deck. "So—"

He didn't say any more, for Mr Wilson fetched him a slap on the face with the flat of his cutlass, and then the fellow lay and muttered most savagely.

We had a bit of a refresher in the shape of some cold water with a dash of rum in it; when Mr. Dutch said that there were some provisions in their cabin below, and volunteered to get them if I stood at the skylight opening with two loaded pistols, to command the door that Mr. Dutch had kept on the outside.

I did not much like running any more risks than we could help; but food I knew we should be obliged to have, and if we could get it without attacking Laure and his party, so much the better. For though I knew that it must come to that, I wanted to put it off as long as I could, and I was just making ready to go to the skylight with the skipper, when there was a shout from Mr. Wilson, and at the same moment a bullet struck the bulwark close to where Mrs. Pugh was sitting.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MR. DUTCH PUGH sprang like a tiger towards the cabin skylight, where, through a slit in the sailcloth and tarpaulin, you could see a hand holding a pistol twisting about to get back again; but, though it had most likely come through easy enough, the edges of the stiff tarpaulin now closed round the wrist; and though the owner seemed to struggle hard, and, having a peephole somewhere, shrieked out as Mr. Dutch came on, there was no saving the hand, upon which the cutlass came down like a streak of lightning, cutting it to the bone, when it was at last dragged through, leaving the pistol upon the deck.

Now, this came from the side of the skylight over the mutineers' cabin, for so far they did not seem to have got into the one where Mr. Dutch and his friends had been; and, seeing this, Mr. Dutch again volunteered to go down, after we had moved Mr. John Studwick and the ladies for safety under the port bulwarks, thrown another sail or two over the skylight, and then bowsed up a bit of an awning; for the sun came out, and beat heavily upon the poor sick man.

But having been made a big man of now—the skipper being bad with a wound—and being consulted on all points I gave it against anybody going down: for, says I, "You've too vallable a man to be spared, Mr. Dutch, sir; and one can only go down after that there prog when we're reg'lar dead beat."

My advice was taken, though if it hadn't been I don't know as I should have gone and hanged myself; and there we sat, listening to the movements of the mutineers below, and wondering what deviltry they were planning, till all was as still as still the wind falling calm, and the sea turning like glass; while the only sound we could hear was the twitter, twitter of Mr. Wilson's birds down below, which, by good luck, had got plenty of water and seeds; for, knowing as the little things had sense enough only to eat just as much as is good for them, I had well filled their boxes the day before.

"D ye hear the birds, Oakum?" says Mr. Wilson to me, just as if there was nothing else in the world but birds, and I do believe as he thought they was the most important thing living, save only for a bit when he was thinking of Miss Bessy; and perhaps, after all, he thought her only a kind of sweet song bird as he would like to have along with the others. However, "D'ye hear the birds, Oakum?" he says.

"Yes, sir, I do," I says. "I was just a-thinking about 'em when you spoke."

"Were you?" he says, brightening up, and laying down his pistol.

"Yes, I was," I says; "but don't you lay down that there bullet iron, for you never know how soon you may want it, sir. While we're like this, sir, you'll have to sleep with both eyes open, and you a-nussin' a pistol; while as to what you gets to eat, you must pick that up on the point of your cutlass."

"But about the birds," he says, eagerly. "How many are there left?"

"Well, sir," I says, "I can't rightly say; but I was a-thinking that if we could get 'em up on deck by shoving a hole through the wires with a boat-oar, there'd be enough of 'em, with 'conomy, to last us all for eight days."

"What?" he says, staring.

"Why," I says, "lowancing ourselves to one big bird apiece, or two little uns, we could keep ourselves alive for a bit."

He didn't say a word, but looked just for all the world as if he thought it would ha' been a deal more like the right thing to do to cut one of us up small to feed his little cock sparrows and things, if they ran short of food. So, just out of a bit of spite like, I says to him, drily, "You might try Miss Studwick with a bird now sir," I says.

"Hold your tongue!" he says, quite fierce, and looking to see if anybody had heard.

"Wouldn't make a bad roast, sir; and this here sun's hot enough to cook a bullock."

"Will you be quiet?" he says.

"And she'd pick them bones, and thoroughly enjoy—"

"Oakum," says Mr. Dutch, just then in a whisper, "what's that?"

I'd heard the sound at the same moment as he did, and for a moment it did not strike me as to what it might be; but the next instant I was at the side with a cocked pistol in my hand, an example followed by all the others, for, through our bad watching, two men out of the fore cabin had dropped softly overboard, risking the sharks, and were making for the poop, when I hailed them to stop, covering one with a pistol the while.

He saw that it was of no use, so he asked for a rope directly, and heaving him one, we had him abroad, lashed and lying down upon the deck beside his mates in less than no time; but the other one swam on and on, diving down every moment so that I shouldn't hit him. But I could have done it if I'd liked, though I did not want to shed more blood; so we let him swim on till he began to paddle behind and shout to Laure for a rope when we could hear the cabin windows opening.

"Here, this won't do, sir," I says; and "Hi! here, you, Rasp," I shouts, "don't you leave that fore-hatch," for he was coming away and leaving it unprotected. So he went back; and, getting hold of a line, I makes a running noose, and going right aft, I tried to drop it over the fellow's head; but he kept dodging and ducking under, till at last I made a feint, and the water being clear as glass, just as he was coming up again I dropped the noose over his head and one arm, drawing it tight in a moment, and there he was struggling like a harpooned porpoise.

I thought I'd lost him once, for a stroke was made at the line with a cutlass out of one of the cabin lights, but I soon towed him out of reach, when Lennie threw him the end of a rope, and we had him aboard too.

Now, what with two wounded men and four prisoners, we had our hands more than full; so after a short bit of consideration, it was decided to risk the opening of the fore-cabin hatch, and make the four men go down one at a time; we, for humanity's sake, keeping the prisoners who were wounded.

So we took our four with their hands lashed, and then with Mr. Wilson only on guard, we four stood ready; and Mr. Dutch giving the signal, Rasp raised the hatch, when a fellow leaped up savage, but I had a capstain-bar ready, and down he went again quicker than he came up. Then another tried, but I served him the same, when they stopped that game, and began to fire up the hatch, till I sang out that we were going to send down their mates.

But sending down was one thing, and making them go was another; for the first fellow turned rusty and wouldn't stir, till, seeing that half measures were no good, I nodded to Mr. Dutch and he put a pistol to the fellow's ear, and at the same time I gave him just a tap on the head with a marlinespike, when he went down sharp, and the others followed.

Rasp clapped the hatch down so quickly that the last chap's head must have felt it; but that put a stop to their firing up at us. And this being done, we felt safer, though none the less compelled to keep a strict watch.

And so the day wore away—not a long day at all; for rather dreading the night as I did, it seemed to come on quickly, and this was the time I felt sure the mutineers would make their attack, perhaps to get the better of us.

The night turned out bright and starlight; and after making the best arrangements we could for the watch, we patiently waited for any new dangers that might befall us. Even Mr. John Studwick, sick as he was, insisted upon taking his turn at watching, and having now plenty of arms, he sat with his sister by him to guard the fore hatch, Miss Bessy going from time to time to the side, and keeping an eye to the cabin window. Two or three times, too, Mrs. Pugh came to me, and talked about our position in whispers; and somehow or another she seemed to grow upon one, until I swore to myself that I'd die sooner than the poor women should be left to the tender mercies of the scoundrels who had seized upon the ship.

We had two or three false alarms during the night, but that was all; and the next day broke finding us all half famished; and now it seemed that either we must attack the party in the after cabin, of one of us must go down and try for some more provisions.

Mr. Meldon said he would go, and he turned towards Miss Studwick, as expecting her to say something; but she never looked his way at all. So, after making our arrangements, we lifted the tarpaulin, Mr. Meldon dropped through, and in a short time handed up to me several tins of preserved meat, some biscuit, and a couple of bottles of wine.

He made four journeys before I heard even a movement in the next cabin, and then there came a muttering as of some one waking from a drunken sleep, and we all made up our minds that, having plenty of rum below, the cabin party had had a drinking night of it.

I never expected to see him up on deck without a few shots being exchanged, but there he was, safe; and after dropping the tarpaulin, the provisions in moderation were served out, and no meal was ever more welcome.

CHAPTER XLV.

SAM OAKUM'S NARRATIVE.

IN the morning reg'lar Laure used to take two of the chaps down below to Mr. Meldon, and he used to doctor their wounds for them, as I used to hear; for, seeing they never felt disposed to trust me near the prisoners, 'cept at diving

times, I used to hang away, and never attempt to go near; but I kept on sending a line now and then by the little bird, telling them that I was making my plans, and that they were to wait a bit. I used to tell them too to feed the linnet; and it got to be so at last that if I wanted it to take a message all I had to do was to take away its seed and water over night, and let it loose at daybreak, and it would go as straight as possible to the broken skylight, flit down and come back in about ten or fifteen minutes.

I know it must have been a disappointment often to them below; but then I daren't be sending notes, for fear of being noticed. Then, too, I was puzzled a deal about things; I wanted to know what I ought to do for the best. Try and seize a boat, and get them aboard or to get the upper hand when there was only the watch on deck.

This last seemed the most likely way; for going afloat in an open boat, with the chance of being picked up, is queer work, and the sort of thing that, when a man has tried once, he is well satisfied not to try again. So being, as it were, head man, I settled that we'd seize the ship; and after talking it over, the first chance I had, with Rolls and Lennie, they quite agreed, thinking about salvage, you see; and then I began to reckon up the stuff I'd got to work with.

To b gin with, there was Mr Pugh, who was as good as two; so I put him down in my own mind two. Skipper two, Mr. Parkly two, and Mr. Meldon two.

Then, going on with my best men, there was Rolls, who was also good for two, if he was put in the right way.

Then Lennie, who hadn't quite got his self again: so I put him down at one and a half.

Next came Wilson, who was right enough, no doubt, in his way; only being so long and wankle (weak, sickly), I couldn't help thinking he'd be like a knife I used to have—out and out bit of stuff, but weak in the spring; and just as you're going to use it for something particular, it would shut up, or else double backwards. That's just what I expected he would do—double up somewhere; so I durs n t only put him down for half a one.

Then there was the chap who cried. He showed fight a bit in the scrimmage; but I hadn't much faith in him; there was too much water in him for strength; so I durs n't put him down neither for more than half. While as for Mr. Studwick, poor chap, and his sister, and Mrs. Pugh, they were worse than noughts, being like in one's way. So you see that altogether I had to depend on five twos was ten, and one and a half was 'leven and a half, and a half made twelve; and another half, which I put to balance the two noughts to the bad, making all told, what I reckoned as twelve, and myself thrown into the bargain.

And now came the question: How was we good men and true at a disadvantage to get the better of they? I turned it over all sorts of ways. Once I thought I'd get the doctor to p'ison the lot, only it seemed so un-English like, even if the others were mutineers and pirates, while most likely they wouldn't have taken the p'ison if we'd wanted them to. P'ison 'em with rum, so that they couldn't move, might be managed, perhaps with some of 'em, if the stuff was laid in their way: and that might answer, if a better plan couldn't be thought of. To go right at them without a stratagem would have been, of course, madness, though Rasp was for that when I talked to him, saying, that all we had to do was to get first fire at 'em twice, and shoot a lot, when we could polish off the other five easily. Now, that sounded all very nice; but I was afraid it wouldn't work; so I gave it up, and asked Rolls his opinion; but he said he hadn't none.

I'd have given something to have had a long palaver with Mr. Pugh or the skipper; for I think we might have knocked up something between us that would have kep' out water. But a talk with him being out of the question, I had to think it out myself, for Rasp hadn't much head, 'cept for diving; and all I could come at was, that the best thing was to leave a bottle or two of rum where the watch could find it; and then, if we could shut down the hatches on the others, we might do some good That seemed the simplest dodge I could get hold of; for it looked to me as if the more one tried to work out something fresh, the more one couldn t.

I watched my chance, and wrote out all my plan, and stated it to Mr. Pugh; and this time I contrived, when no one was looking, to drop my letter down the skylight, telling him that he was to send me an answer by the bird, writ big, so as I shouldn't make no mistakes in the reading of it. Next morning as soon as I was on deck, I found that I was too late; for Laure and a couple of the chaps were hunting the bird about; while, as it flitted from side to side of the deck, you could see a bit of white paper tied under its wing, and it must have been that as set them on after it.

I knew well enough that if the bird was caught it would be all over with my scheme, and p r'aps with me; so I went at it with the others, trying to catch the little thing, contriving, though, to frighten it all I could, so that it flew up into the rigging; and being nearest at the time, I followed it out on to the main yard.

"Be careful, Oakum," says Laure, as I went cautiously out till I was right over the water, the canary going right off to the end; but I got my feet into the stirrups and followed on, expecting to see it flit off to another part of the rigging. I'd made up my mind what to do if I could get at it; for, though I liked the pretty little thing, there was a wonderful deal depending on whether it was caught or not; while all the time I was abusing myself for not being on deck sooner. I'd let the bird's cage open the night before, ready for it to get out; and now it was plain that it had been down to the cabin, and Mr. Pugh had sent me an answer.

But it was no use to grumble; there was the bird before me, and if it would only keep still for another half-minute, I thought I saw my way clear. Plenty were now watching me from below; and, fortunately for me, instead of flitting off the little bird crouched down upon the yard arm; so that, creeping nearer and nearer, I got quite within reach, when, making a dash as it were to catch it, I knocked the poor little thing stunned into the sea, making a sham slip at the same time, and hanging by my hands.

"Yah h h! you clumsy villain!" roared Laure; and then to one or two about him—"Lower the boat, and pick up that bird."

"Lost, after all," I growled to myself; when suddenly there was a splash, a fish rose, the poor little thing was sucked into a pair of big jaws; but we were safe.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"IT is more than I dared to hope for," said Dutch, as they stood clustered round a lantern placed upon the deck, "for it was a bitter struggle."

"Bitter indeed," said Mr. Parkley, with a sigh. "I little thought our silver was going to be so stained with blood."

"It may be all washed off yet," said John Studwick, who was standing by, looking ghastly pale.

"What do you mean?" said his father.

"That you have not got it home yet," was the reply, "and will not while that scoundrel is on board."

"Then he shall not stay on board long," exclaimed the captain, angrily. "There is the land, and a boat shall take him, and all he likes to claim for his followers, as soon as morning dawns."

Hester shuddered as she crept close to her husband, and felt as if she could never cease to fear so long as the villain was at large; but his words comforted her, and for the rest of the night long, careful watch was kept, and not without need, for several attempts were made by those below to force their way on deck.

Morning came, though, at last, as bright and sunny as if man never troubled the earth with his struggles, and as the sun arose the extent of the past night's troubles were more clearly seen; for the doctor's account showed that of their own party four had rather serious wounds, while two of the enemy lay dead, having succumbed to their injuries during the night.

To get rid of the dangerous party below was the next thing; and at last, surrounding the forecastle hatch, the cable was cast off, and, as soon as the opening was laid bare, Laure darted up, sword in one hand, pistol in the other; but Dutch seized one hand, Captain Studwick the other, and he was disarmed, and roughly thrown down into the little cabin from which Hester had been rescued, and the hatch secured.

Having now no leader, the other men came sullenly on deck, and gave up their arms without a struggle, and all were ordered over the side into the boat, a plentiful supply of beef and biscuits was furnished to them, with a couple of guns and ammunition, and they were rowed ashore, to make the best of their way to any settlement they could find.

"And now for the señor," said Captain Studwick, as he returned with his well-armed party after setting Laure's followers ashore.

"We must not let him ashore with those scoundrels," said Dutch, firmly, "or he will contrive some plot to get back with them and retake the ship."

Hester shuddered as she heard his words.

"What would you do then?" exclaimed Mr. Parkley.

"Keep him on board until we find some place to see him ashore, a couple or three hundred miles away—anywhere away from here."

There was so much reason in Dutch's words that it was decided to follow his advice, repugnant as it was to have the villain with them in the same ship.

"And now, then," said the captain, "my motto is homeward bound; though we cannot sail with wind and tide like this."

"But we must not stay so near the land," exclaimed Mr. Parkley, glancing uneasily towards the sands, where the followers of the Cuban had been landed.

"I'm afraid we must," was the reply; "but surely we can contrive to keep our prize, now we have got the upper hand."

The feeling that they could, neither sail nor get rid of Laure acted like some great depressing influence on board, but the matter was inevitable, for to set him ashore would have been like putting fire to gunpowder, which was safe enough left alone; so careful arrangements were made, and these being in the face of them thoroughly secure, a more satisfactory influence began to pervade the vessel, and the partners congratulated one another on the escape they had had.

As for Oakum and Rasp, they went from one to the other chuckling and enjoying the interpretation that had been placed on their behavior; Oakum, in particular, seeming to think it the height of human enjoyment to have been thought such a scoundrel when he was straining every nerve to save his friends.

Night had fallen again, and to ensure against further surprise, Dutch, Mr. Parkley, and the captain were all on deck, well armed and watchful, meaning to keep their posts till daybreak, when the schooner was to start on the head of the tide.

Nothing more had been seen of the men set ashore, for they had plunged at once into the forest; and the Cuban was so well secured that little was to be feared from him; but, all the same, an uneasy feeling prevailed, and Dutch told himself that he should not feel satisfied till they were well at sea; and on reporting this to Mr. Parkley, that individual replied—

"Neither shall I, Dutch Pugh, nor yet when we have got the treasure safe home; for you see if that scoundrel does not go to law. What's that you say, Rasp?" he said, turning sharply, for the old man was close behind.

"Oh, don't you take no notice of me. I was only chuntering to myself. I could not help hearing what you said to Mr. Pugh there."

Almost contrary to their expectations, the night passed without any alarm, and at daybreak, the tide still not serving for a couple of hours, Dutch and his friends went to lie down, leaving the deck in charge of Oakum and Rasp with instructions to call them at a specified time.

Dutch, however, felt that he could hardly have dropped asleep when a strange feeling of uneasiness came over him, and, reproaching himself for leaving the deck even now, he awoke fully, to sit up and try to get rid of the confusion that oppressed him.

For a few moments he could not tell whether he was awake, or dreaming that he was once more busy diving, for there was the clanking of the air-pump, splashing of water beside him, and heavy feet passing overhead.

But it was no dream. Hardly had the deck been placed in charge of the deputies than Rasp beckoned up Pollo and the two sailors who had been so faithful to them, and began to talk in a low voice, saying something which evidently gave them the greatest satisfaction; and Rasp softly chuckled, and rubbed his hands as he turned to Oakum.

"I don't like it," said the old fellow; "it's cowardly."

"Not it," said Rasp; "and if it is, what then? I only mean to give him a dose of it, and if he dies, why that's his own fault."

"And ours," said Oakum.

"Yah!" ejaculated Rasp. "Look here, old squeamish; that chap s a tiger, and if he get's loose, he'll be the death of all on us, won't he?"

"Devil a doubt on it," said Oakum.

"Very well, then: I've got a score to pay him off," growled Rasp; "so's them poor fellows who've got the mark of his knife on them; and, besides, I kep' him from cutting my soots to pieces on purpose to give him a taste."

"But it's like murder," said Oakum.

"It was like murder for him to cut that there chube when the best diver in England was down; and now we'll see how he likes it."

"What, and cut the toob?" said Oakum, with a look of horror on his honest face.

"Not I. I'll only send the warmint down, and give him a quarter of an hour, that's all."

Oakum gave way, and felt a grim kind of satisfaction in helping to bring the Cuban on deck, where, in spite of his struggles, he was forced to assume one of the diving suits, and, almost before he knew it, the helmet was thrust over his head and secured, making him a complete prisoner, at the mercy of his tormentors.

"Now let the sharks have a go at him if they like," said Rasp, as he forced the prisoner to the side. "I've a good mind not to give him a safety line; but there, I won't be shabby."

As he spoke he secured the rope to the Cuban's waist, and then, as he fully realized that they were going to send him overboard, Laure made a desperate struggle to free himself, but all in vain. There were five to one; the gangway was open, and, acting all together, Laure was forced to the side, and fell backwards into the sea with a sullen plunge.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"GOOD-BYE."

RASP had placed a man at the pump, and a supply of air was being kept up, a supply now augmented by another man being sent to help turn the wheel; while, with a grim look of satisfaction, Rasp took hold of the life-line and tightened it a little, to feel the unwilling diver's movements.

"He'll be pulling hard directly," chuckled the old fellow. "Only let him see a shark—one of his first cousins—a villain. Wonder what Mr. Dutch 'll say when he knows how we ve been serving out the scoundrel as——"

"What does all this mean?" exclaimed Dutch, coming so suddenly upon the group that they started asunder, and the air-pump stopped.

"Only giving that rascal a lesson in diving," growled Rasp.

"Whom? What do you mean? You surely don't mean to say that Laure, the prisoner——"

"They re on'y having a lark with him, sir," said Oakum.

"Quick, there! Pump, you scoundrels!" exclaimed Dutch; and the wheel spun round once more. "Rasp, Oakum, pull here! You dogs, if mischief had befallen that man, I can never forgive you."

Setting the example, he hauled upon the life-line; and Pollo running to his help, the Cuban was dragged to the surface, and lay motionless on the deck as Dutch freed him of his helmet, and exposed his blue face.

"Quick! Call up Mr. Meldon," cried Dutch; but that gentleman was already on deck, and, to the great relief of Dutch, declared the Cuban to be still alive.

It has been a narrow escape for him, as, between dread and the want of air, another few seconds would have sufficed to finish his career. As it was, quite an hour escaped before he recognized those who had worked hard to restore him, and then it was with a malignant of disappointed malice.

"He'll do now," said the doctor; and, as the patient seemed disposed to sleep, they left him—Oakum, who was exceedingly penitent for the part he had taken, being stationed as sentry at the door.

Meanwhile, Captain Studwick had taken advantage of the breeze and tide, and the schooner was once more under way, threading her course amongst the rocks, and gradually leaving the cocoa fringed strand behind.

Every one was on deck watching the receding shores, and in full expectation of some new danger springing up to hinder their homeward journey; for with the treasure they had on board, it was determined to tempt fortune no more, but to make all speed across the Atlantic as soon as they had cleared the inland sea.

Favorable winds sped the schooner at a rapid rate through the water, and all seemed so peaceful and happy that it raised a feeling of dread in those who had found the other portion of the voyage so rife with peril. Rasp shook his head, and said that they were not safe home yet, while Oakum was away; but as soon as Oakum began to croak and prognosticate evil, he changed his tone, and declared that they would soon be safely home.

The voyage home to Hester and Bessy seemed like a glimpse of Heaven, for Hester was ever by the latter's side, striving hard to make her forget the past, and revelling in her loving, grateful looks; while Bessy, though no words passed, knew that Meldon loved her with all his heart; though for her sake, and lest he should arouse the jealous susceptibilities of her brother, he maintained silence. But she knew that the day must come when he would speak, and her heart leaped with joy as she saw his patient assiduity in attending to her brother, who now turned daily more and more towards him, and sought his help.

But the presence of two sick men was not without its influence on the little crew of the ship, and Captain Studwick looked with nervous dread for what he saw must come ere long, and felt that the events might again be looked upon as an ill omen.

For though Mr. Meldon said it not in so many words, he gave him fully to understand that poor John Studwick's days were growing very few.

In fact, the doctor felt that it was an open question whether Laure or John Studwick would be the first to leave them, for the former seemed never to have recovered from the shock of his descent, but lay in a helpless, raving state, evidently growing weaker day by day, till, in place of getting up to sit and watch the sea from the cabin window, he now rarely rose, and then only with the assistance of old Rasp, who, as a kind of recompense for being the cause of his state, constituted himself his nurse, and waited on him night and day.

"I hate him like the very old un," growled Rasp, when talking about him to Oakum; "but as I've had my bit of a go at him for what he did, I aint going to see him die like a dog for want of help."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Minnesota flour is landed in Europe within one month after it is barrelled.

SPRING Is COMING.

BY W. B

By the bursting of the leaves,
By the lengthening of the eves,—
Spring is coming.
By the flowers that scent the air,
By the skies more blue and fair,
By the singing everywhere—
Spring is coming.

[illegible] the worm has worn,
[illegible]rds whose nest is torn;
[illegible] whose life is pent
Far from pleasant sight and scent—
Wails, as if their life's distress
Won a new, wild bitterness,—
Spring is coming.

Fra Diavolo.

BY F. A. D

"GLORIOUS Rome!" exclaimed Miss Julia Brand, as she leaned back in the traveling carriage, beside her gouty old guardian, Eben Brown, Esq., alderman of the city of London, as it slowly rolled upon its way on the route to Naples—"shall I never see thee again?"

"Not with my consent," growled the old fellow. "Rome's a humbug."

"What! St. Peter's?" cried the young lady; "and the artists?"

"Pshaw! now I know what you're thinking of—that confounded Claude Crayon, who was always dangling round you. Do you know he had the impudence to ask my permission to pay his addresses to you?"

"And what did you tell him?" inquired the young lady, eagerly.

"I told him——"

"Hush!" said the young lady, putting her soft hand upon her guardian's lips. "I'm ashamed of you."

"I'm ashamed of *you*," retorted the alderman, "for thinking twice of a shabby fellow without a penny—you who are to come of age in three months and into the possession of fifty thousand pounds."

The young lady was silent and looked out of the carriage window.

"What a dark, gloomy valley this is we're passing through," she said, by way of changing the conversation. "It looks the very place for brigands. I wish you'd taken an escort."

"Pshaw!" said the alderman. "I don't believe in these robbers. Hullo there! Pietro!"

Pietro was the courier, and was riding on the box with the coachman. On hearing his name called, he turned round promptly, and [illegible]ed, with his usual servile grin:

"Excellency!"

"Did you load my pistols?"

"Yes, your highness—and put them in the pockets of the carriage."

"All right, then. Drive on!"

But at this moment there was a crash! and down came the carriage, nearly overturning in its fall.

The coachman and courier sprang up lightly, and while the former saw to the horses, the latter extricated the inmates of the carriage, more frightened than hurt. The linch pins had come out, and two of the wheels had rolled off—the harness was broken, and there was no getting on till that had been patched up with rope.

While the alderman was foaming and raving at the accident, Miss Julia pulled out her drawing-book, and was beginning to sketch the scene, when a shrill whistle was heard.

The coachman and courier crying out, "the brigands!" crossed themselves and fell flat upon their faces.

Four armed men in the picturesque costume the stage has made us so familiar with, rushed from the bushes.

Julia screamed. Her guardian succeeded in getting out one of his pistols, and fired without hitting anyone.

The robber knocked the alderman's pistol from his hand and his hat over his eyes, tripped him up and tied him hand and foot with a hot of rope.

He then threw his arm around Miss Brand's waist, and followed by his companions, hurried into the woods that clothed the steep hill by the roadside.

"Fear nothing," he whispered; "it is I—Claude Crayon. Don't you know me?"

"Claude!" exclaimed the young lady, recognizing her lover in spite of his disguise. "How could you do such a thing?"

"Desperate cases require desperate remedies," replied the artist. "You were about to be lost to me forever—so my friends and myself planned this rescue. I bribed the courier to draw the bullets from your guardian's pistols—for I thought even you romantic as you are would not wish me to hazard life and limb in the adventure. The breaking down of the carriage was a part of the programme. Now you shall decide my fate. If you love me, you will fly with me to Naples. There is a carriage waiting for us at a turn in the road. If you cannot pardon my presumption, say but the word—and I will restore you at once to your guardian."

"You know how weak and yielding I was, and how I have suffered from his imperious nature, or you wouldn't have acted as you have done," whispered Julia. "You know you were pardoned in advance. But you have spoiled all my romance—I thought we were attacked by real robbers, and not masqueraders. Claude! Claude!" she added with a sudden change of manner, "who is that?"

Claude raised his eyes in the direction of hers, and beheld a tall figure, in full brig and costume, advancing from the thicket, carbine in hand, and bending his black brows upon them.

The young painter turned pale.

"Who are you?" he asked of the intruder.

The stranger drew himself up to his full height.

"Men call me," he replied haughtily, "men call me 'Fra Diavolo!'"

Claude cast an agonized look at Julia, then threw his arm around her waist, and drew a pistol from his vest pocket, for this was one of the most celebrated brigands of the age.

"Put up that toy, young man!" cried the robber, in a voice of thunder, "or I'll send a bullet through that fool's head of yours. Resistance is vain. Look around you."

Claude obeyed, and beheld encircling the glade where they stood, a number of ruffianly fellows armed to the teeth. He dropped his pistol with a groan.

"You are free!" said the brigand, with a contemptuous smile. "You are too poor a prize. A fairer one is ours. By forest law this maiden is our own. It is rare that beauty's smiles beguile us in our outlawry."

Julia turned deadly pale; but the color mounted to the painter's cheek, as he pressed her convulsively to his heart, and replied:

"You must hack me to pieces before you lay a hand upon this lady."

The brigand chief smiled—his manner and bearing were no longer menacing.

"You're a pack of cowardly humbugs!" cried a well-known voice, as the alderman was brought into the ring by three stout fellows, struggling and kicking. "Do you know who I am? I'm an Englishman—an alderman of the city of London. I'll prosecute you! You shall all be hung!"

Fra Diavolo smiled and waved his hand.

"Cease this foolery, old man—and you, gentlemen, listen to me. I will show you that Satan is not so black as he is painted. You will acknowledge that you are completely in my power. Now I will mention the terms on which I will release you."

"I won't hear 'em!" shouted the Londoner. "There's a statute against compounding a felony."

"You, gentlemen," said the brigand to the artist and his companions, "have received a warning against playing with edge tools. Stick to your own business in future. You, fair lady, wished to see a real brigand. Behold him! Outlawed from society—a wanderer like the wild wolf in the forest—a man without name, family or friends, save those whose fortunes are as desperate as his. When men shall tell you of the crimes of Fra Diavolo, remember that he restored you to love and happiness when he might have made you his victim. My terms are simply these: give your consent to the marriage of this young couple. They love each other, and it is out of your power to keep young hearts that love asunder."

"Well—well—I consent," grumbled the alderman.

"I presume," said the chief advancing "that I may then congratulate and salute the bride."

But Julia drew back with a shudder, and the artist's eyes flashed fire.

For a moment an angry flush mounted to the robber's brow, but it died away, and he said with a melancholy smile:

"Pardon me—I forget myself. I will impose no repulsive conditions—and add only a prayer that none of you will mention a word about this interview."

He waved his hand in token of farewell, and then he and his band vanished in the deep woods.

The alderman, his ward, the painter and his party, regained the carriage, which was now righted, and they were soon en route for Naples, where the artist and Julia were united in the presence of the British ambassador.

The adventure at Fondi was duly consigned to the bride's journal, but it was not till Fra Diavolo's career had closed that she ventured to impart it to her friends.

Mr. Tennyson, walking in a London park the other day, met a writer who describes the poet thus:—"He looked tall, somewhat stout, round shouldered, and he walked with a stick, as though the gout were hanging about his legs or feet. He had a long beard which almost buried his face, and wore a pair of large, round, Chinese-looking spectacles; had on a very broad-brimmed, weather worn felt hat, dark trousers and gaiters, several undercoats or jackets, covered over all by a thin, shabby looking, red tweed dust coat, buttoned very tightly, as though it were much too small for him. Dangling outside, from what should have been a clean white shirt front, was a pair of large gold rimmed nose-spectacles. He was one of the oddest looking creatures I have ever seen out of a Mormon meeting".

VICTORIA AND BROWN.

A MOMENT more, and out came a closed carriage, wherein, as it whirled by, one caught the faintest glimpse of the Queen in mourning, bowing in acknowledgement of the salutations of the crowd. "There she is!" There she was. The carriage is out of sight in a moment; but it is to move in the same way through masses of the curious, with 800 policemen to keep them in order. A burly, gray haired man, in a Scotch cap, sat at the back of the carriage. It was the Queen's bodyguard, John Brown.

"There he goes to take care of her," said mine host of the tavern. "Shouldn't like to be the man as tried to touch her when he was by. He's as big as a 'ouse and as strong as a lion. He looks after her, he does, and quite right of him, too; he's paid to do it."

This was not bad as a rude definition of the position and duties of this favored servant. Brown stands in about the same relationship to his royal mistress as the lion to Una—he is to see that no harm befall. The extreme simplicity of the Queen's life has long made some domestic of the sort necessary. In the Highlands the Queen loves to roam about in perfect freedom from etiquette and ceremonial, and yet it would not do to have her roam quite alone. She is no longer young, and there are dangers by flood and field in such a region. Brown exactly supplies the want; he would lay down his life for her, not without requiring two or three in return, and he thinks nothing of carrying her in his arms, and perhaps a princess or two to follow her, across a fordable stream. When she rides he takes his place at the head of the pony, and if the poney were too troublesome he probably would not make much difficulty about carrying him.

Brown is not a lacquey—he wears no livery; on the other hand, he is not a gentleman by birth. He has a sort of undeterminate office as Strong Man. He is death on all intruders on the Queen's privacy. Once when he met some reporters whom he suspected of dogging her footsteps for "copy," he ordered them off the public highway as though he held all the Highlands in fee. It was grossly illegal, but they went.

He is a true clansman in the character of his service; he worships the Queen devoutly; he thinks there never was such a Queen, and there never was such a woman in the world. The Queen treats him with the condescending confidence which often subsists between the very great and the very little in our older societies. She knows there can be no mistake about their positions; it is those who are nearer to her who are kept the farthest off. He is "the old servant" who is also the old friend of the family. He has seen most of "the children" grow up. He probably knows a good deal more about family affairs than many a Minister of State. To do him justice he lets nothing out to his more distinguished colleagues of the Cabinet. A true Scotchman, he is as close as the grave. It is rather through the Queen's own frank avowals that we may judge of the extent of her confidences to him. There is nothing in the world to show, however, that these confidences ever pass the line of domestic life.

He is for standing between the Queen and all possible intruders, and when he goes south he finds a greater complexity of self imposed duties to which he is not always equal. The Highland shepherd dog loses something of his nice discrimination of character when he has to keep watch and ward at the door of a London palace. He once gave great offense to an artist summoned to paint a portrait of the Princess Louise by cross examining him as to his purpose, as if he had come to peddle the paints. This and the natural envy of "Jeames," with whom he never associates and of both Jeames' and John's superiors in the hierarchy of court service, make him about the best hated man of the household. There is a sort of a standing plot against him in the servants hall, which has sometimes spread from the subterraneans of the palace to the subterraneans of journalism and society, and things have been said which are only not criminal because they are so intensely foolish. The lower classes in England hate him with a will and on the most impartial grounds, without in the least knowing why. If there were a successful revolution in London his head would probably be the first luxury enjoyed by the mob.

JOHN DUNN, the right hand man of King Cetywayo, is, as his name indicates, an Englishman. According to the Cape Argus he has lived so long among the Zulus that he is more Kaffir than English. He is the heaviest trader in the Zulu country, and has a large number of personal adherents, subject to no authority but his own. His lawful wife is not a Kaffir, but he has taken fifteen or sixteen native wives, and his family has grown to patriarchal dimensions. He is described as a man of medium height, in the prime of life, thickset, and bronzed, with a pair of flashing grey eyes and a heavy beard. He dresses well, and would pass muster as a prosperous farmer.

THE KILKENNY CATS

AS quarrelsome as the Kilkenny cats" has long been current as a proverb, arising out of a story that two cats in the city of Kilkenny fought upon one occasion so long and furiously, that, after the combat was over, naught remained of the two belligerents save their individual tails. This is manifestly an exaggeration: and when our readers shall have learned the true anecdote connected with these famous cats they will understand why only the two traditional tails were found, the unfortunate owners having fled in terror from the scene of their own mutilation.

During the rebellion in Ireland in 1798 (or it may be in 1803), Kilkenny was garrisoned by a regiment of Hessian soldiers, whose custom it was to tie together, in one of their barrack rooms, two cats by their respective tails, and then to throw them, face to face, across a line generally used for drying clothes. The cats naturally became infuriated, and scratched each other until death ensued to one or both of them, and finally terminated their sufferings.

The officers of the corps were ultimately made acquainted with these barbarous acts of cruelty, and they resolved to put an end to them and to punish the offenders. In order to effect this purpose an officer was ordered to inspect each barrack room daily, and to report to the commanding officer in what state he found the room. The cruel soldiers, determined not to lose their daily sport at the expense of the wretched cats, generally employed one of their comrades to watch for the approach of the officer, in order that the cats might be liberated and take refuge in flight before the visit of the officer to the scene of their torture. On one occasion the "lookout man" neglected his duty, and the officer of the day was heard ascending the barrack stairs while the cats were undergoing their customary torture. One of the troopers immediately seized a sword from the arm rack, and with a single blow divided the tails of the two cats. The suffering animals escaped, of course, through the open windows of the room, which was entered almost immediately after by the officer, who inquired what was the cause of two bleeding cats' tails being suspended on the clothes line, and was told, in reply, that two cats had been fighting in the room, that it was found impossible to separate them, and that they fought so desperately that they had devoured each other, with the exception of their two tails.

GERMAN post offices are zoological gardens on a small scale. In the course of a year as many as 40 000 live animals are sent by post, and if crabs, frogs, bees and small insects are counted, the total will be among the million. The Post Office authorities have the privilege of excluding such animals as may be deemed either dangerous or disagreeable; but within the last six months only thirty nine packages of living animals were refused, among which were an alligator, done up in a box considered too fragile, a lot of dogs, whose persistent barking could not be quieted; and a number of pigeons loosely tied up in a sack. On the other hand, during the same period, a crocodile, scores of birds of prey, monkeys, serpents, a leopard, and four living bear cubs were transmitted by post.

AT Satokeri, in the province of Kutz, Russia several Jews are being prosecuted for killing and sucking the blood of a Christian child to enhance the solemnity of their Easter feast. The [illegible] during from the [illegible] and [illegible] period of the Middle Ages, the accusation is persisted in, even after the local doctors have certified that the death of the child was caused by drowning. Eight Jews have been arrested, and are looking forward to trial before an enlightened court. The deceased child being the daughter of a Prussian subject, the intercession of the German Government is expected.

SWEDEN is passing through a severe commercial crisis. A prominent railway has broken down financially, and the shareholders are liable to the last penny, but the example of the City of Glasgow Bank were not lost on them, and all means was adopted to get rid of the shares before the final smash. The shares were sold for a mere trifle, and the commune of Motala, which held 1 000 shares, not only presented them to a poor workman, but made him a gift of 1 000 crowns, so that he might emigrate to America.

AN art critic, who has an unfortunate habit of occasionally indulging in more wine than his health demands, recently determined, one day after luncheon, to pay a professional visit to a private art collection. Arrived in the first room, he found himself opposite a large mirror. Mechanically he [illegible] it would be [illegible] and then he wrote: "No. 1. Study in crayons, unframed, an old toper. Fuddled condition excellently rendered; most likely a portrait. Seem to be acquainted with the original."

The Duke of Connaught, by his marriage becomes second cousin to his sister.

Our Young Folks.

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

BY A .

The dew is falling on the hay,
The air is cool and still,
I hear the children at their play
Across the neighboring hill.

Alas! they cannot make me glad,
Though ne'er so blithe they sing,
The pretty ways my baby had,
Come back in everything.

The harmless dove alights to peck
[illegible]
With rings of purple on its neck,
And eyes so sweet and brown.

Ah me, all beauty makes me sad,
In bird or flower of spring,
The pretty looks my baby had
Comes back in everything.

A LITTLE BLACK SLAVE.

BY FRANCESCA

I AM going to tell you a story about a contented and happy little slave who was quite satisfied to serve her numerous masters without grumbling.

Her name was Alerta, and this is how it all happened.

At some distance from the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, there lived a colony of ants, great lazy red fellows who would not walk, and could hardly even exert themselves enough to eat, they were so sluggish. They thought a set of slaves who would carry them about, feed them, milk their cows and take care of them generally would be a desirable acquisition, so one day they attacked a nest of negro ants, overpowered them, and triumphantly entering the nest discovered the hiding place of their young ones and each taking up a minute caterpillar or chrysalis in its mandibles, started for home; thus was poor Alerta, with many of her sisters, forcibly stolen, and carried off to her captors' dwelling place.

As she was in the pupa or chrysalis state when kidnapped, she very soon emerged from her covering and stood revealed a shining ebony little neuter, with immense capabilities for work, which were very soon to be tested.

She stretched her legs and wondered what the next move would be, and as if in answer to her thoughts she felt a tap on her shoulder and a languid voice said:

"Just get me some food, please, I am very hungry."

Alerta turned quickly and beheld a handsome red ant, waving its antennæ helplessly and looking very stupid.

"What would you like? and where shall I get it?" replied Alerta briskly.

"Oh, run outside, and you will find our cows grazing on a rose bush close by," returned her mistress drowsily.

Alerta obeyed, and after taking several wrong turns, and being set right by other slaves, she at length found herself beyond the nest in the warm sunlight and in the company of several fellow laborers, who were however, running about so busily, that she did not like to interrupt them by inquiring where she should find the useful animals mentioned by her mistress.

After a few moments' observation, she saw one of the slaves approach a small green insect which was clinging to a leaf, and tap it gently with her antennæ. A drop of delicious honey at once exuded from the little creature and the ant after drinking it with great relish, passed on to another.

"Those must be the cows," thought Alerta, "well I shall not have much trouble;" and following her companion's example she soon returned to the nest with a plentiful supply of nourishment, encountering her instructor Quick-step upon the way.

"Where are you going?" inquired the elder ant, with a kindly touch of her antennæ.

"To carry some food to my mistress," replied Alerta; "poor thing, she is very hungry."

"I am off to feed some larvæ," said Quick-step, "but I am detaining you, good morning;" and so saying she turned down a side passage, and Alerta ran lightly to her mistress, whom she carefully fed.

"Now," observed the red ant, when she was satisfied, "please carry me to bed, I consider that it is quite time to retire."

"I wonder if I can manage it," thought Alerta, as she glanced doubtfully at her large companion, "however, I must try. Here goes," and with a great effort she managed to pick up her lazy mistress and, with some stumbles and stops, and much panting, and bending of her slender legs, she bore her to the place she pointed out, and deposited her gently on the ground.

"That will do," murmured Slow-coach. "Now go and help those slaves to collect our queen's eggs."

Alerta obediently trotted off and joined a party who were busy securing some small round things which they seemed to consider of great value and our little friend imitated their motions and listened to their conversation.

After a little while she lay down and slept for a couple of hours.

When she awoke she felt rather hungry, and after eating a minute beetle, and washing down the repast with a drop of dew, she remembered her helpless mistress, and was on the point of going to look for her, when she met Quick-step running along as if her little legs would get cramps from the immense strides she took.

Our heroine started off in pursuit, and reached the chamber where the pupæ were piled up, almost as soon as her leader; they were followed by a number of other slaves.

Alerta soon perceived the cause of all this commotion, for Quick-step and two or three other workers surrounded one of the chrysalids, and, after neatly biting off the top of the case, a fine red ant emerged from its place of confinement; then the busy little creatures stripped off the thin film which still enveloped it, petted it, expanded its wings, and after feeding it, proceeded to liberate another pupa.

Alerta soon plucked up courage to join them in their labors, and as she took great pains, and was nimble and observing, she was soon praised for her help, but she was surprised to observe the sadness which seemed to have settled upon her companions.

At last Alerta ventured to inquire the cause of their grief, and then Quick-step mournfully replied:

"Our dear ones, whom we have fed and tended for more than twelve months, are going to leave us forever; in a couple of days, when their lovely wings are stronger, they will forsake the nest, and though we shall be able to catch a few of them and bring them home, thousands will be destroyed—some will find a watery grave, and others will fall a prey to our enemies the birds," and as she spoke she brushed a tear from her eye with one of her delicate legs.

Then they carried the children up-stairs to get the sun, and here they were given a complete lesson in building, cleaning, carrying, and feeding, in the midst of which they were interrupted by a swarm of slaves, who rushed headlong down upon them.

"What is the matter?" asked Quick-step.

"Rain, rain!" cried the nurses, hurrying on.

"What harm would that do them?" inquired Alerta.

"Why, only kill them," answered her friend.

Everything in the nest went on quietly for some weeks, but then something mysterious happened; it was discovered that numbers of the slaves were unaccountably disappearing, and at last a set of spies were ordered to explore the ground near the nest and see whether there was any enemy lurking near which might account for the loss of their comrades.

The scouts soon discovered a deep hole, at the bottom of which was one of their worst enemies, an ant-lion.

For a long time the dangerous spot was avoided by most of the sensible ants, but a much greater misfortune soon befel the community.

One morning a poor little ragged boy was sitting crying in the Bois de Boulogne; he was certainly a wretched figure—a child whom any might pity, and one man passing by did pity him.

"What are you doing here, my little fellow?" he inquired.

"I am starving," sobbed the child.

A shade of sorrow and pity crossed the stranger's face, then a bright idea seemed to strike him, and he said gently:

"Come with me and I will show you what to do."

He led him to the ant nest and told him to dig it up carefully.

Dire was the dismay among the ants when they found their domicile being disturbed; some caught up the larvæ, some the pupæ, and others the queens, and prepared to hide their precious burdens.

Alas! for poor Alerta, the boy cut her in two with a piece of glass.

She had done her duty—which of us can say as much?

The man, who had watched this little episode in silence, now grasped the boy's arm, and said: "You must promise before I show you anything else that you will never wantonly kill a harmless insect again."

The boy promised.

"Then look here," said the man, and raising the branches of a little bush he displayed a pile of the white pupæ which the ants had stored there; "wait till they are all collected, and then take them and sell them for nightingales' food in the city."

The boy was able from that time to earn his own livelihood, and he never forgot the promise he made.

The late Mme. Bonaparte had many eccentricities. She never adopted the new-fangled notion of gas, but always used candles; nor would she allow a carpet to be laid on her bedroom floor.

One of the two revolutionary printing presses just discovered at St. Petersburg was [illegible] cartridge factory. Nine military officers were arrested in consequence.

Bismarck was born April 1, 1814.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 844 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Original contributions solicited.

A SPRING MELODY.

Charade.

BY LOCHINVAR.

I knew an old man independent,
Of FIRST an undoubted descendant,
In the WHOLE was his cot
On the whole it was not
A dwelling-place very resplendent.

Though not of the cannibal kind,
On FIRST he quite frequently dined,
Often nearly all bone—
SO CH FIRST HE OSD alone,
Seemed properly used to my mind.

And here I will add in a word,
What really may seem quite absurd:—
It may be asserted
And not controverted
That ne'er of the WHOLE he had heard.

Of him who by wrong driven frantic,
Committed full many an antic,
This worthy old soul
Who dwelt in the WHOLE,
Knew naught of the story romantic.

ANSWERS.

No. 101. CEREBRATIONS.

No. 102.
P A L E D
A L I V E
C O L I N
E N A C T
S E C T S

No. 103. LANDSCAPE.

No. 104.
C A W
C A N A L
M O R I N E L
B A S E D
T E D

No. 105.
C Y P R E S S
H O O V E
A A R
R
A I L
T E N S E
E X O G E N S

No. 106. ALIOTH—SIRIUS.

No. 107.
A
P U N
H O R A L
P O L I T I C
A U R I C U L A R
N A T U R A L
L I L A C
C A L
K

No. 108.
A C C E S S O R Y
O O I N C I D E
C I T R A T E
E N E O B E
S C A R S
S I T E
O D E
[illegible]
Y

No. 109. IVANHOE.

No. 110.
T A C O M A
A M A G E R
C A P I V I
O G I V E S
R E V E R E
A R I S E S

No. 111.
B A T A T A S
M A N A G E R
P A L A V E R
L E V E L E D
D E R I V E R
S E V E R A L
R E L A T O R

No. 112. 1. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
2. CHARLEMAGNE

No. 113.
L
P A L
S O T E R
S O L I F E D
P O L I T I C A L
L A T I T U D I N A L
L E P I D O T E D
R E C I T E S
D A N E S
L A D
L

No. 114. NUMERICAL.

The WHOLE consisting of 12 letters is a solid figure having a thousand equal sides.
The 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9 is a thousand.
The 7, 8, 10, 11, 12 is a bird.

Gibson, Pa. ORGANIST.

No. 115. SQUARE.

ACROSS:—1. A coin. 2. Winged. 3. The plain surface between the channels of a triglyph. 4. A species of inflorescence. 5. Censures.

DOWN:—1. A resinous substance from a tree. 2. A Turkish corporation. 3. A mark used in writing. 4. To agitate. 5. Dis[illegible]ations.

Brooklyn, N. Y. DEAR POQUITER.

No. 116. CHARADE.

There lived a FIRST Goose once in 'Frisco.,
Though her (?) Quills all fell off, she would hiss so,
But her time now has past,
For a certain house LAST
Dished her up with WHOLE fish up in 'Frisco.

San Jose, Cal. NIC. O'DEMUS.

No. 117. HALF SQUARE.

1. A letter. 2. An abbreviation of one of the U.S. 3. A step. 4. A thrust. 5. Faded. 6. A passenger.

Lexington, Ky. FLEWY ANN.

No. 118. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
(Words of 6 letters.)

1. Transferable. 2. Manila hemp. 3. Smallest. 4. An acid. 5. A game. 6. The daughter of Tantalus.
7. Great.

PRIMALS:—Stepping. FINALS:—Rivals. PRIMALS AND FINALS:—Athletic sports.

New Haven, Conn. O. POSSUM.

No. 119. DOUBLE CROSS WORDS.

In Christian not in Turk,
[illegible]
In flounder not in ray,
In falcon not in jay,
In mountain not in knoll,
In Spaniard not in Pole,
In spider not in fly,
Two proper names copy.
Look with emotion, on the devotion,
[illegible]erest love,
More than one brother, has for another
Gift from above.
Courting dishonor, drawing down on her
Curses and wrath,
That fame might rover, garland her lover,
Brighten his path.
Told is Life's number, locked in Death's slumber,
In the same tomb
They lie together, resting on ever
Waiting their doom.

Lima, Ohio. TRADDLES.

No. 120. DIAMOND.

1. In apricot. 2. A bird. 3. Talents. 4. A military dance. 5. A fluid. 6. A title. 7. In apricot.

Philadelphia, Pa. PEGGOTTY.

No. 121. HALF SQUARE.

1. A raft. 2. A Southerner. 3. A musical instrument. 4. Dwellings. 5. Certain animals. 6. A Mississippi statesman. 7. An animal. 8. An article. 9. A letter.

Danbury, Conn. NUTMEG.

No. 122. CHARADE.

A SECOND passed the garden gate,
While FIRST did not a moment wait,
[illegible]caled to John in accents clear—
"Be quickly now, my husband dear,
[illegible] will [illegible] WHOLE,
[illegible] buy or [illegible]" At these words John stirred
And ran as fast as he was able
Around the great WHOLE dinner table,
Both John and SECOND had a run,
While FIRST looked on and saw the fun.

Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. NICKLEBY.

No. 123. SQUARE.

1. Glass. 2. An ecstacy. 3. A sprout. 4. A coloring substance. 5. A duck. 6. Of six.

Baltimore, Md. ASIAN.

No. 124. RHOMBOID.

ACROSS:—1. Certain coins. 2. An Arab. 3. A degree of humor. 4. Scalded. 5. Impure protoxide of [illegible]. 6. A Latin proper name. 7. To repeat.

DOWN:—1. A letter. 2. A coin. 3. A hatchet. 4. An inhabitant of an Eastern country. 5. A mark. 6. A plant. 7. A councilor. 8. A plant. 9. Certain trees. 10. Intricate. 11. A female nickname. 12. A title. 13. A letter.

Lebanon Church, Va. O. C. O. LA.

No. 125. ANAGRAM.

A quota [illegible] from Shakspeare's "A Winter's Tale."

GAYETY HERALDS A MORAL VERSE.

Camden, N. J. THRASHER.

No. 126. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A knop. 3. A bard. 4. Told. 5. Identical. 6. Pertaining to pictures. 7. A boundary. 8. Details. 9. Certain fishes. 10. A god. 11. A letter.

Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1st. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.

2nd. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

3rd. "Miserecordia" for first solution to "A Spring Melody."

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of March 2nd were solved by Comet, Flewy Ann, Nic. O'Demus Odoacer, Wa Oing, The General, Gil Blas, Jarop, Willie Wildwave, Hal Hazard, A. Solver, O Possum, Percy Vere, O. C. O. La., Effendi, Kos, Traddles, Goose Quill, Gahmow.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1st. Comet, - - Santa Clara, Cal.
2nd. Flewy Ann, - - Lexington, Ky.
3rd. Peggotty, - - Philadelphia, Pa.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Dear Dean Charade. Percy Vere—Square and Rhomboid. Gahmow—Diamond, Crosswords, and [illegible] Charades. Effendi—Several [illegible] Charade and Concealed Acrostic. Maud [illegible] Charade and Double Crosswords. Ben. J. Mix—[illegible] O. C. O. La.—Numerical and Triple Cross Words. Waverly—Diamond. T. A. R.—Numerical, Square, Rhomboid and Diamond. Don Quixote—Rhomboid and Diamond.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DEAR DEAN—Well, now we are pleased. The style of your charade is as much of a novelty as yourself and we know our friends will be glad to see both of you. Come again soon.

PERCY VERE—Square first class and the rhomboid is now being subjected to all the tortures of the Inquisition. Jury still out.

JARO—The two bits very welcome. It affords us great pleasure to add your name to our already large list of Puzzle Poets.

EFFENDI—Just in time as we had used the last one. As "Rothven" says—"always glad to hear from old friends."

MAUD S.—Your "two flats" are not too flat for us, as we have a capacious maw. See that we do not starve.

BEN J. MIX—Diamonds very good. The wild, wild West is not to be despised at puzzle making.

O. C. O. LA.—Triple cross words O. K. Will answer your inquiries by letter.

WAVERLY—You make your bow in good style and your Diamond is a winning card.

T. A. R.—You quite STARTLE us. Those you send look like the work of an "old hand." Send answers [illegible]

DEAR [illegible] Glad to see you. How the "cold keys do drop off"! [illegible] however, we never [illegible]

GAHMOW—Keys two, letter E [illegible] but where are we the wear [illegible] letter a word to finish a puzzle and be clear shows the color of [illegible] to be found in the back of Webster's Unabridged and find you the King in Greek and Latin proper names etc. etc. After this they seek their dewy [illegible] in search of Thirteen Letter Diamonds and Eight Letter Squares.

A QUIET CORNER.

Where giant hills a sheltered vale unfold,
An old time farm lies nestling out of sight,
The red-tiled homestead peeping toward the light
Amid a grove of oaks, huge-boughed and old;
And lichens, through quaint tenderness grown bold,
Run riot o'er the place in silent might.
And crimson sunset flushes now to-night
Flash all their grays and yellows into gold.
Here changes come not, nor a stranger's face;
The winds indeed seem linked unto the place,
And bring no news of what the world's about;
And as I pass along in strange surprise
The very horses in the stalls look out
And gaze at me with calmly wondering eyes.

LIFE IN JAPAN.

IN religious affairs the Japanese people have always been liberal. The primitive Sintoo, the imported religion of Buddha, and the "Sootoo"—the way of the method of philosophers—code of politico-religious doctrines still hold sway, but under the aggressive influence of Christendom are losing their ascendency of belief and numbers.

Conjointly with the development of a new religious teaching is a strong effort at reform in the morals of the people. The indifference of the lower classes in matters of dress, promiscuous bathing of the sexes, the sale of female children to a life of shame and degradation, the tea houses and gardens of pleasure to entice the wayfarer, the maintenance of Government institutions for the rearing of female children as a source of future revenue, have all been serious obstacles in the way of social progress. Gradually however these breeding influences of vice are yielding, and the better classes of the people rising to a higher plane of domestic and social life.

It is a source of interesting study to watch the psychological simulants between the women in Japan and the Western nations. They are great gossips and every afternoon gather at each other's houses to talk about their neighbors. They are naturally coquettes, and dress, as in many other countries, is the sole impulse and end of womanhood. The women are evidently a very jealous set, and a regular business amongst a class of thrifty old females was writing letters of divorce. Match-making is also a profession which was not without handsome profits. Hair "banged," such as we now frequently see at home, was a sign that the female was open to a matrimonial contract. A woman with her front teeth painted with a black varnish, giving her dental aperture a most hideous appearance, and her eyebrows plucked out, might be understood to be in the meshes of conjugal obligations. Powders, perfumes and cosmetics contribute to the mechanism of female attractions in the young, while neglect and servitude is the lot of the old.

The credulity of all classes in the empire is shown by the rich harvest reaped by the quacks. The "Japs," like the early Spanish adventurers, have greath faith in the existence of some subtle fluid or drug which possesses the merit of effacing the wrinkles and decrepitude of decaying mortality and restoring their earthly tenement to all the freshness and vigor of youth. While strolling along one of the great thorough ares of Yeddo, our attention was attracted to a shop of more than ordinary size and embellished outside with high sign boards, hung vertically, and gonfalons, with immense Chinese characters on them, suspended from high poles. We were informed that they proclaimed a line of pills, "golden, life-long pills," which professed to perform as wonderful changes in bodily conditions as the crack brained alchemist of ancient days claimed in the transmutation of dross into gold. The proprietor of these mystic pellets had evidently not suffered from want of patronage.

We found also an indefinite assortment of remedies, perhaps specifics for the loathsome cutaneous diseases of the lower classes, occasioned, it was said, by eating a certain seaweed. The itch, that common malady disseminated through indiscriminate bathing, had also its rival medical remedies. The fearful moxa had also done its work, as the procession of ghastly scars along either side of the spinal column testified. An artistic method of defying or intimidating the demons of disease adopted by the lower classes, by figures of blue dragons, lions, tigers and men in frightful attitudes, pricked into the epidermis, was not less popular than the concoctions of the quacks; but Western medical and surgical science have now taken a prominent part in eradicating popular superstition, and, as an instrument of civilization and religion, have accomplished wonders.

With everything else, even the language of the country is undergoing a change.

Another important step in the line of reform is the gradual elevation of the standard of literary excellence. In years past the most successful native writers and artists were those who best catered to the sensuousness of the masses. The shops were filled with books and prints which would, in the United States, have sent printer, publisher and shop-keeper before the courts. Another effort is being made to elevate the tastes of the people by encouraging a purer train of national thought. The most powerful instruments in this direction are the newspapers which are now starting up under Government auspices at all the chief centres in the Empire. The principal of these mighty teachers of the masses is one printed at Yeddo. Its chief editor is assisted in his editorial duties by an efficient corps of writers, reporters, and proof-readers and compositors. The native "characters," however, at last accounts were still used, and all clippings from the foreign exchanges were transmuted into the vernacular through the alembic of the editorial brain. A font of type comprises fifty thousand characters, of which about three thousand were in constant use. The amount of knowledge, or rather scope of memory, required by printers; proof-reader and editor, can hardly be imagined.

The conventional address of the Japanese of the higher classes, and at the same time their condescension to those beneath them, was striking. The high exhibited less pride and the low a less cringing spirit than Asiatics generally. For instance, none but certain officers formerly were permitted to ride on horseback, and of these the subordinate in rank, meeting a superior officer on the way was obliged to dismount, but there was always an exchange of recognition of the courtesies. When a dignitary in former days passed along people made prostrations, according to rank. All the Japanese of the educated class whom we met were self-possessed and gushed with all the gesticulatory address of the most polished courtier at the brilliant court of the Louises of France. Superficially at least, they were rigorously precise in dress and person. Their shaven heads, truncated queues, flowing robes of delicate gauze and silk, and their altogether picturesqueness of attire, was always attractive. However, under the march of Western ideas these customs are being superseded by the funereal bifurcated modes of this modern utilitarian and unromantic age. Their notions of etiquette, however, were sometimes not altogether in accordance with our own sense of propriety. The first principle of a gentleman in Japan was never to tell the truth. At the table their eructations are prolonged and deep, whilst on the street a Japanese blows his nose on a piece of paper of delicate tissue, and then passes it over to his attendant to throw away. They never expectorated after the Western fashion, but swabbed out their mouths with an energy and conspicuousness somewhat revolting to folks of squeamish tendencies. But Western manners are making rapid inroads upon these ancient and time-honored conventionalities.

Although the judicial forms of the Empire have been subjected to many radical changes, the ancient customs still hold much sway. It would be impossible to have them otherwise. The ground work of Western Jurisprudence is founded in the doctrines and sense of moral responsibility, inculcated from the principles of the Christian Church, until that point shall have been reached in Japanese affairs, the ancient system of laws, processes, trials and examinations will hold their sway, and a relentless system of torture to extort confessions, innocent or guilty will prevail. Of the most artistic and choice modes of this sort of political inquiry, we may refer to the preliminary examinations, in which the magistrate, officer and spies conduct the inquiry with the "investigation whip," three strips of bamboo bound and applied until the victim yields. The stone torture is generally applied to State criminals in which the victim is bound and the stones are placed on his thighs until he yields or becomes insensible. The "box torture" in which the victim, in a crouching posture, is placed in a box, upon the lid of which weights are laid until the sufferer is crushed or succumbs. The "baked fish torture" in which the lower extremities of the victim are covered with clay, and he is placed in a sitting posture over a grating with fire under, and kept there until the baked clay, falling off, carries the flesh with it. It was said that this most horrible form of torture was abolished in the seventeenth century. We may also mention the "wooden horse" by which every joint in the body was dislocated. The Government has long tried to do away with such horrible methods. In Japan the prison means death, as may be seen.

Grains of Gold.

Unreasonable haste is the direct road to error.

Kindness is the high tide of the soul's nobility.

Never send a present, hoping for one in return.

Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.

Never speak much of your own performances.

If you act with a view to praise only, you deserve none.

Never arrest the attention of an acquaintance by a touch. Speak to him.

Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue.

In play and for pleasure you cannot speak too much with children, nor, in punishing or teaching them, too little.

Don't think polished boots, a clean collar and a cigar constitute the man. It takes considerable more than that.

Cheerfulness makes the mind clearer; gives tone to thought, and adds grace and beauty to the countenance.

It is not always possible to keep from having mud thrown at you; but you can always keep from throwing it at others.

He whose first emotion, on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.

The good man is the only one who can be indifferent to a slander; the bad man must needs chase it and try to head it off.

Hurry and cunning are the two apprentices of dispatch and skill; but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.

The first virtue is to restrain the tongue. He approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.

Don't try to study that for which you have no real inclination. Forced doctors, lawyers, ministers—forced anything—are generally failures.

Young man, in the hurry of life, do not forget that money is not manhood, and that in the next life we will be rewarded for what is in the head and heart, not for what is in the pocket or stomach.

A man inflexibly good seems all the better for living in the midst of bad men.—just as roses and violets are said to spring more fragrant near garlic and onions, the latter imbibing all the ill odor of the earth.

It is all very well to be humble, but it is possible to boast of your humility until it soars into the worst kind of self pride. There is hardly a virtue in the calendar which a man will not lose if he talks much about it.

Every one ought to be busy, but no one ought to be so busy that he cannot do his work well. An overworked man is like a certain plow of which we have heard, which turned up a great deal more than it could turn over.

Let us not listen to those who think we ought to be angry with our enemies, and who believe this to be great and manly. Nothing is more praiseworthy, and nothing more clearly indicates a great and noble soul than clemency and readiness to forgive.

Did you ever notice the frost on the window-panes? It is the congealed vapor of your once warm room; and if you warm the room the frost will disappear, and you see out into the world again. Let your heart grow cold, and the frost of distrust and bitterness will gather around it, blinding the soul and shutting out the light; but kindle up the fire of love, and the windows of the soul will become as clear as crystal, transmitting the light of heaven, and giving you glimpses of paradise.

"Industry must prosper," as the husband said when holding the baby while his wife chopped wood.

Femininities.

A bosom friend—The baby.

The tied of life—The married ones.

Approaching a crisis—Walking towards a restless girl baby.

Ruth must have had trouble with her first lover, as she got another Boaz soon as possible.

A lady in Virginia is said to have a pet pigeon which dances gaily to the music of her harp.

The fashion in France is for ladies to take tea in bonnet and gloves, and without cloak or jacket.

A hint to the ladies who will wear outside pockets: Have your purses made up to look like prayer-books.

The most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not the most esteemed and loved.

A young lady in Hartford, Conn., has been badly poisoned in the face by the aniline dye in a new blue veil.

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmaker's.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections are only to be fixed by those which are real.

A Connecticut woman has made bread twice a week for thirty years without a failure as to lightness, whiteness or sweetness.

"Jane," said he, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire, we might have some heat in the room." And they hadn't been married two years either.

In the spring the female fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of bonnet.
With a maze of gimp and ribbons
And a bunch of feathers on it.

There is a lady in one of the hotels of San Francisco who never appears in the dining-room with less than from $25,000 to $50,000 worth of diamonds on her person.

The King of the Cannibal Islands always speaks of lovely woman as:

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

As the dew lies longest and produces most fertility in the shade, so woman, in the shade of domestic retirement, sheds around her path richer and more permanent blessings than man who is more exposed to the glare and observation of public life.

"Put out your tongue a little farther," said a doctor to a fair invalid. "A little farther still, if you please." "Why, doctor, do you think a woman's tongue has no end?" said the gentle sufferer. "An end, perhaps, madam," replied the physician, "but no cessation."

If young ladies attending church would give more attention to the number of the hymn the pastor gives out, and not so much attention to the number of nims that are in the church, they would not be so apt to sing one hymn while the congregation is singing another.

A lady thought it would look interesting to faint away at a party, when one of the company began bathing her temples and head with vinegar, upon which she suddenly started up and exclaimed: "For Heaven's sake put nothing on that will change the color of my hair!"

"Poor Herbert! How I wish you did not have to slave so at that horrible store from morning till night!" said his wife, as, with a fond caress, she seated herself on her husband's knees and gently stroked the auburn locks from his sloping brow. And the grave, stern man of business understood her at once, and answered: "Well, Susie, what is it—a bonnet, or what? Go light on me, for money is scarcer'n ever."

Rear-Admiral Nichols, commanding the United States naval force on the South American station, reports to the Secretary of the Navy, under date of Montevideo, January 12, that the German corvette Prince Adelbert, having on board a midshipman, the second son of the Crown Prince of Germany, sailed thence for Valparaiso on the 30th of December.

One of the wedding presents received by Miss Kitty Cooke, who was recently married at Georgetown, D. C., to Mr. John Magruder, of Colorado, was a pin shaped from two nuggets of gold, by a miner, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the young lady. He told Mr. Magruder "to take it to the mineus, who was as good as the gold of which the pin was formed."

A few years ago, and for aught we know to-day, a placard in the bedrooms of a large hotel at Prague stated that "Guests are requested to communicate to the landlord all complaints arising on their sides." At Pesth to-day a placard in a much-frequented inn announces: "Gentlemen are requested not to flatter the female servants on the stairs, as many dishes have thus been broken."

Frederick Stumpf and Henry Voullaire, St. Louis lawyers, were deformed cripples, and their common misfortune led them to close intimacy. Voullaire died, and Stumpf, prostrated by grief, took to his bed, and remained there until his death, a few days ago. Stumpf had heart disease, but the doctors say he would probably not have died for years if Voullaire's demise had not affected him.

The will of Mrs. Emily Grace Nathan, widow of the murdered Benjamin Nathan, was filed for probate in the Surrogate's Court, New York, some time since. After leaving money to various Hebrew charities, she directs an equal division of her estate among her children. The will contains a provision that should any of her children marry outside the Hebrew faith their share of the estate is to be forfeited.

A Boston youth committed suicide because, as he thought, he would sooner or later become insane. He fancied that already his mind was losing its balance, but the only evidence of it was his forebodings. He wrote a letter before swallowing laudanum, in which he defended his act, and said: "I expect to go down to blackness and oblivion; but, if it so be that I shall confront my Maker, I can but plead in my defence that I am as I was created—a poor, unfortunate, irresponsible being.

Facetiæ.

The color of parasites—Fawn.

The music of "the spheres."—Ball music.

Persons of soup-or fish-al attainments—Waiters.

There is a certain young man who is so lazy that he will not even labor under an impression.

New and improved Version—Where there's a will there's a way for the lawyer to get money.

Of a barber's shop that was formerly a law office the paper says that people get shaved there just the same.

An humble citizen was presented with a service of plate yesterday. There were beef and potatoes on it. No speeches were made.

The difference between love and law—In love the attachment precedes the declaration; in law the declaration precedes the attachment.

"I am going to the post-office, Bob, shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, if you have a mind to, but I don't think you will find me there."

"Why do summer roses fade?" is a question asked by the poet. "Because there is no way of relieving them," is the answer of the gardener.

First elector (referring to lavish candidate of dubious origin): "His antecedents are doubtful." Second ditto: "Yes, but look at his presents!"

That was a neat bull a clergyman perpetrated in his sermon the other day. Speaking of Bunyan in prison, he said: "No one but his blind daughter came to see him."

A witty young fellow being joked about his sweetheart, who was much below the ordinary female stature, said, "Better to love a short girl than never to have loved at all!"

"Love is blind," and that's the reason why it can get along with one small hand-lamp, turned down as low as it will go, as well as under a blazing chandelier of fifty burners.

To the frequently asked question, "Which side of a horse has the most hair on?" the following answer has been received, which we believe to be correct, namely: "The outside!"

A western senator wrote home a short time ago that he was only able to get "four hours of sleep out of the twenty-four, and that during that period a candidate for office sat by his bedside and watched him as he slept."

A man died of apoplexy, the other day, at Michigan. The next morning the coroner held an inquest, when the following verdict was returned: "Died from a visitation of one beefsteak, eight cold potatoes, and a fried pie." Sensible jury, that.

"This is Neptune," said the professor, placing his finger on the outside ball of the system, "and we are now two thousand seven hundred and fifty millions of miles from the sun." Rheumatic student on the back seat turns up his collar and shivers perceptibly.

A water proof material merchant, in his recently published autobiography, makes this philosophical remark: "A weather prophet is the only man who never gets discouraged. If he hits the case once in fifty times, he is perfectly satisfied there is a great future in store for him."

He wrote and told her he would be about at eight o'clock in the evening, concluding his note with the following couplet:—

"With breath as sweet as roses
Thou'lt breathe upon me, love."

And she coldly answered, "You'd better not come; we had onions in the soup to-day."

Madame X. has just sent away her cook who had too many military visitors, and replaced her by a guileless country lass. The other day Madame took a look in the kitchen, and there saw a superb-looking soldier tasting a bowl of soup. "Is it possible you, too, are guilty of this kind of thing, Sophie?"—"Please, ma'am, you are mistaken. This is, no doubt, one of the soldiers left over by the last cook."

One day lately a country merchant ordered a clerk, of about seventeen or eighteen whom he had just received into his counting-house, to take off an account from the books with all dispatch. Soon after, hearing him scratching out something from the ledger, the merchant inquired what he was doing; to which he replied that he was taking off the account, but his knife was so dull it would take all the afternoon to get it off.

"Will you help me out of this hole?" said a traveling druggist, who had just been compelled to stop his team in a mud-hole, because his horses couldn't pull it out—"No, I can't stop," said the other, who was heavily loaded, and was fearful that he would be too late.—"I would take it as a great favor, besides paying you," said the druggist. "What are you loaded with?" asked the Yankee. "Drugs and medicines," said he. "I guess I'll try to get you out, then, for I am loaded with tombstones." They were seen traveling together after that.

"Did you attend church to-day as I charged you?" inquired an old African planter, in the old time, of one of his slaves, as he returned to his dwelling. "Sartin, massa," was Cudjo's reply; "an' what two mighty big stories dat preacher did tell." "Hush! Cudjo, you mustn't talk that way; what stories were they?" "Why, he tell de people no man can serve two massas—now dis is de fust story, 'cause you see ole Cudjo serves you, my ole massa, and also young massa John. Den de preacher says, 'he will lub de one and hate de oder,' while, de Lord knows, I hate you both."

Everybody should be careful to give prompt attention and rational treatment to a severe Cold—or a racking Cough—as these are commonly the chief primary symptoms of a disordered state of the Lungs, involving a tendency to develop into a settled Consumption. Persons of a delicate constitution, or those having weak or unsound lungs, should be especially solicitous to treat the earliest symptoms of a Cold, in order to head off more dangerous complications; prudently keep by you, therefore, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, that you may administer at once a judicious curative, during the first stages of any Throat or Lung disorder, for not only are special symptoms of these complaints more tractable and easily controlled then, but the general strength and tone of the system has not had time to be seriously affected, and is therefore more amenable to the recuperative and healing properties of the Expectorant. A little attention to what may seem a trifling Cold, may save you from the fate of a lingering Consumptive.

A CHAPTER OF HOAXES.

HOAXES, as a rule, are hateful things, doing credit to neither the heads nor hearts of the perpetrators; simply deception born of mischief or malice, requiring no wit to devise them, and very little cleverness to execute them successfully.

Hoaxers are often worse than malicious and care not what trouble may ensue so long as their private ends are served.

A young couple about to be married were startled by the delivery of a telegram, running: "Stop marriage at once. His wife and children have arrived, and will come on." The bride fainted; the bridegroom protested against being summarily presented with a wife and family, but had to make the best of his way, a single man still, through an exasperated crowd, full of sympathy for the wronged girl, whose friends found, upon inquiry that they had been duped—probably by a revengeful rival of the man whose happiness had been so unexpectedly deferred.

A more curious and more malignant hoax—for the preparation of which the author, if discovered, would have been branded with infamy—was practiced, apparently "for the fun of the thing," upon a Parisian lady whose husband had gone to China on business. One day she received a letter, dated from Canton. "Madame," said the writer, "I have to announce a mournful event. Your husband, taken prisoner by Malay pirates, has been burned alive, and his bones calcined to powder. I have been able to procure but a few pinches of this powder, which I inclose." As she opened the missive, a strange idea came into the head of the distracted widow; sending for some snuff, she mixed the powder with it, piously determined to inhale all that remained of her lost spouse. The pinch, however, brought on such violent bleeding, that a doctor had to be called in; but the lady died in a few hours, shortly before the arrival of a letter from her husband, proving that the story of his capture and incineration was the cruel invention of some unknown enemy.

A French merchant was agreeably surprised by the receipt of an anonymous communication advising him that a box of treasure was buried in his garden, and that the exact whereabouts would be shown him if he agreed to an equal division of the spoil. He jumped at the offer, met his kind informant, and the pair were soon plying spades, their labor being rewarded by the unearthing of a box full of silver coins. The delighted merchant counted out two piles of eight hundred five-franc pieces, and bade his partner take his share. That worthy, after contemplating his heap for a minute or two, observed it was rather too heavy a load to carry comfortably to the railway station; he would prefer having the amount in gold or notes, if it could be managed. Nothing was easier; a walk up to the house, and the business was settled to the satisfaction of both parties. Twenty four hours later the good man took a very different view of the transaction, for upon examination he discovered that there was not one genuine five-franc piece among the sixteen hundred.

It is the business of rogues to trick honest men; sometimes, however, the case is reversed. Not long ago some burglars paid a midnight visit to a storekeeper. The cash-box lay handy. It was heavy, too—so heavy that the intruders did not stay to help themselves to aught beside. Next morning the cash box was found not far from the premises, and its contents in an ash pit close by, for after all their trouble taken and risk run, the burglars found themselves master only of a lump of lead, and that their intended victim had been too artful for them.

One of the cleverest hoaxes ever perpetrated, was one invented by Swift, and intended for the public good. He caused to be printed and circulated some "last words" of a street-robber named Elliston, purporting to be written shortly before his execution, in which the condemned thief was made to say: 'Now, as I am a dying man, I have done something which may be of use to the public. I have left with an honest man—the only honest man I was ever acquainted with—the names of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed; in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and all of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, and have received his promise upon oath, that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbery or house-breaking, he will look into his list, and if he finds the name there of the thief concerned, to send the whole paper to the government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning, and hope they will take it." We are told the Dean's ruse succeeded so well that street robberies were for many years few and far between.

Your plausible rascal is never at a loss, even when his trickery is found out. A needy-looking fellow watching a man selecting a watermelon from a huge pile outside a Detroit grocery store, ejaculated: "I wish I had five cents to get a small melon; I haven't tasted one for two years." The man was placed in his hand, and the giver had just found a melon to his mind, when he spied the dilapidated one coming out of saloon close by. "I thought you wanted the money to buy a melon," said he. "So I did," was the reply. "I told you I hadn't tasted a melon for two years; but after reflecting, I found I hadn't tasted whisky for over three. Therefore I gave whisky a shove to eaten up to the melon, and start off square. Nothing mean about me, sir. Good-bye!"

The swindled individual assuredly would not have agreed with Butler, that the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat, although the poet's axiom holds good in some cases, that is, so long as the deluded one is blissfully ignorant of deceit. Sir James Mackintosh, invited to sup at Sidney Smith's, took a cousin of his, an ensign in a Highland regiment, with him. On hearing the host's name pronounced, the ensign whispered: "Is that the great Sir Sudney?" Unable to resist the sudden temptation, Sir James confirmed his relative in his mistake, and contrived to give Sydney a hint of the joke. The wit, appreciating the situation, acted the part of the hero of Acre to perfection, fighting his namesake's battles over again, to the edification of the young officer and the amusement of the rest of the party. So delighted with the consideration of the great Sir Sudney was the Highlander, that he insisted upon fetching the piper of his regiment to regale the unaccustomed ears of the hero with the music of the pipes. Sir James then broke up the party by declaring his hot-blooded cousin would certainly kill him if he discovered how he had been deceived. He nearly did so a few days afterwards; for, taking a walk with Mackintosh, whom should they meet but Sidney Smith and his wife! When the lady was introduced, the ensign was rather taken aback, and said in a low voice to Sir James: "I didn't know Sir Sudney was married!" "Why no," said Mackintosh, as they moved off, "not exactly married; only an Egyptian slave he brought over with him. Fatima, you know—you understand." And Fatima actually became Mrs. Smith's name among her husband's intimates.

New Publications.

The May number of Scribner's magazine is unusually attractive in contents and illustrations, opening with a frontispiece portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes, while an interesting biographical sketch of Dr. Holmes is given by F. H. Underwood. The opening paper in the list of contents is on the New Museum in Rome, by Sophia Hompiant, with finely executed illustrations of some of its recent acquisitions—the statue of Urania, of Commodus, of Hercules etc. A unique description of A Day on the Docks in New York by Charles H. Farnham, with a variety of illustrations. A biographical and critical sketch is given of the two violinists, Wilhelmj and Remenyi, by J. R. G. Hassard, with pen pictures of each violinist, by Chase. An account of the Pastoral Bees is given by John Burroughs, with illustrations by Mary Hallock Foote. The first of the series of papers on Brazil, previously announced, is begun in this number, and is descriptive of Para, the Metropolis of the Amazon; it is graphically illustrated by Mr. Champney. A practical discussion of Lawn Planting, by the horticulturist, Samuel Parsons, Jr., shows what can be done with a village lot 50x150 feet. Mrs. Burnett's serial, Haworth's is continued with exciting interest; the same writer has a short, pathetic story of the Latin Quarter. The first part is given of Adeline Trafton's story, A Narrow Street. A. A. Hayes, Jr., contributes a sketch of A Man Without Enthusiasm. Three Days in Sussex, is descriptive of English country-house life. Theodore Bacon describes a Pilgrimage to Vallombrosa; and James Grant Wilson gives a sketch of Richard Henry Dana. The poem contributions are: At Odds with Life, by David Proudfit. The Four Koonans by Charles De Kay. False and True, by Dr. Holland. Two poems, by Austin Dobson; and several more by Mrs. Piatt, R. W. Gilder and others. The Topics of the Times are full of spicy matter, among which Dr. Holland discusses Vulgarity in Fiction and on the Stage.

Harper's magazine for May is superbly illustrated with one hundred engravings, and presents a very attractive appearance. It opens with a charming description of a Peninsular Canaan on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, by Howard Pyle, with eighteen illustrations. In the third paper on the Tyrol, Col. Waring takes the reader from Botzen to Waidbruck, revealing the wonders of Grodner Thal, and includes a description of the author's visit to the late Wm. Howitt at Dietenheim; the illustrations are in great variety and beauty. The Art paper, by George Latrop, discusses The Study of Art in Boston, with twenty-eight illustrations. Julius Wilcox gives an interesting account of The Piano and its Antecedents. An article of notable interest is contributed by Wm. Winter, on Stratford upon Avon, with appropriate illustrations. Edwin P. Whipple gives a sketch of Motley, the historian. Wm. Bisikie discusses The Risks of Athletic Work. A short, interesting story, Lord Allan's Daughter, is contributed by Mrs. E. W. Latimer. Alice Perry has one called Miss May. Young Mrs. Jardine is continued with increasing interest. R. H. Stoddard has a poem, The Life of Song. Will Wallace Harney has A Serenade in the Tropics; and Ben Ami's Creed, by Fannie R. Robinson. The Editor's Table is full of gossip on subjects of timely interest.

Lippincott's magazine for May opens with a finely illustrated paper on the question, Why do we like Paris? by Mrs. Sarah B. Wister. In an article entitled, From Norway to New York, H. M. Robinson gives a graphically illustrated description of canoe traveling and transportation of the Hudson Bay Company. The Tramp in Four Centuries, is an article by Octave Thanet, showing them to have been identified with every social and financial revolution. My Hero is a striking account of the career of General Paez, by Isabella Anderson. Nathan Clifford Brown contributes an interesting account of Beach Birds, with a variety of illustrations. Annie Porter continues her interesting story of My Village in the South. The second of the series on Woman's Handicrafts, is concluded with the title of the False Prince. The House of Two Widows, is a short story, by Oscar Fay Adams; and C. C. C. contributes a short story entitled, My Ma's House. Paul Hayne has a poem entitled, Consummatum Est. Another poem is Erythronium, by E. S. F. Lucy Hooper writer about Cardinal Richelieu as a Dramatist and Stage Manager. The Monthly Gossip is full of variety and interest.

The May number of the North American Review opens with an article by the Hon. Geo. W. McCrary, Secretary of War, who writes about Our Election Laws, in which he points out the defects, and suggests means to secure honest results. Campaign Notes, is a paper contributed by Lieut. F. V. Greene, U. S. A., who served with the Russian army as military attache of the United States Government. The series of papers on German Socialism in America, are concluded, in which the dangers are depicted, and several remedies suggested. Absent Friends, is the title of a pleasing eulogy by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, on six noted contributors to the Review, who have recently died—Dana, Motley, Bryant, Cushing, Hilliard and Bayard Taylor. A Symposium on Law and Design in Nature, is among the contents, opened by Prof. Newcombe, and followed by President Porter, of Yale College; President McCosh, of Princeton College; Rev. James Freeman Clarke, and Rev. Joseph Cook. Mr. Lloyd Bryce writes a strong Plea for Sports. Prof. Henry Stevens contributes notes on Recent Progress in Applied Science.

The April number of Cassell's Illustrated Magazine of Art opens with an illustrated paper on Some Pictorial Elements in English Secular Architecture. No. II of the papers on English Portrait Painters gives a sketch of the artist Romney with illustrations of his portrait of Lady Hamilton as 'Bacchante' and Lady Warwick and her children. An interesting account of Old Keys is given with various illustrations of old Roman keys. Dualism in Art is discussed in a paper by Wyke Bayliss. The series on Our Living Artists treats of William Powell Frith, in which the illustrations are the artist's portrait, his group in the Salon d'Or. A fine engraving of his picture Claude Duval, forms the frontispiece. A fine cut of a terra cotta bust of an Italian peasant is among the notable illustrations of this number. Henry Holiday contributes an interesting paper on "Wood Engraving. The Costumes and Characteristics of South Brittany are described with graphic illustrations. No. III of American Artists and American Art gives a sketch of John Leighton Copley with his portrait and a cut of his picture of the Death of Major Pierson.

The latest number of the American Journal of the Medical Sciences contains a variety of Analytical and Bibliographical notices of prominent medical and surgical works and exhaustive reviews of Lunacy Laws and Contributions to the Study of Glaucoma. Among the elaborate contributed articles from prominent writers are the following:—On Injuries of the Scalp; Experiments and Reflections upon Animal Heat; Contributions to the Pathology of Peripheral Nerve Diseases; Sympathetic Neuroretinitis; Excision of the Epiglottis; Encysted Tumors of the Eyelids and Vicinity; Ulcerative Phthisical Laryngitis and the Value of Tracheotomy in its Treatment; Cases Treated by the Antiseptic method at St. Mary's Hospital; Completion of a History of a Successful Case of Paracentesis of the Pericardium; Unaided Fracture of the Humerus Successfully Treated by Double Splice and Clamp; A Case of Intra-Ovarian Pregnancy; Dubois as a Mydriatic; Internal use of Quinia in Cystitis; On Carbolized Jute as a Wound Dressing; A Case of Mastoid Abscess following Suppuration of the Internal Ear, Treatment of Diphtheria by Carbolic Acid and Iodoform.

L'Assommoir, a Novel, by Emile Zola, translated from the French by John Stirling, is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. In this translation, which has been toned down with literary ability, combined with tact and refinement, so as to suit the American Reading Public, vice is never made attractive, but as a picture of Paris life, springing from intemperance, L'Assommoir is without a rival, and it will do infinitely more good to the cause of Temperance and Total Abstinence, than all the fanatical utterances of the disciples of the Temperance cause. Zola has attained a success scarcely paralleled in our generation, and his themes and his style,—his aims, methods, and performances provoke the widest attention and the liveliest discussions throughout the whole of Europe.

News Notes.

Our American plate glass manufacturers are driving their French rivals out of the market.

A lunatic sought to raise the dead near Baltimore. He succeeded in raising a sensation.

Lady Thornton, at Washington is "at home" at 5 o'clock tea every Sunday afternoon.

The Directory of Portland, Me., contains only fifty more names than the one published in 1871.

The ice on Lake Erie is solid from shore to shore, and extends a distance of 122 miles from Buffalo.

Professor David Swing, the famous Chicago divine, employs the telephone in making pastoral "calls."

In Priest Valley, California, there is a man who is fifty years old and four feet high, and he is a wealthy farmer.

A Massachusetts paper alleges that the farmers turned out by the State Agricultural College cost $15,000 apiece.

A sword of the end of the fifteenth century, with a handle and scabbard of silver gilt, was sold the other day for 10,000f.

President Hayes will not, after all, visit the Pacific coast this summer, but will pass most of the season at Washington.

Gatling is said to have caught the idea of his popular gun while studying up a seed planting machine for his father's farm.

The Princess Louise is said by the Montreal *Herald* to be painting a portrait of Mrs. Scott Siddons for presentation to the actress.

The Crown Prince (Victoria) of Germany is very independent, and she speaks plainly; does, in fact, what Americans call blurting.

A Texas jury arose after the evidence was all in, and requested that the case go to them without "any lawyers' speeches," and it did.

Of Mr. Tennyson's two sons, Hallom and Lionel, one acts as amanuensis for his father, and the other is in the Indian civil service.

The "White Lady" has appeared again, and superstitious Germans look for the early death of some member of the Hohenzollern family.

Baltimore is to erect, in memory of its philanthropist, John Hopkins, a grand monument in front of the John Hopkins Hospital grounds.

An old man in Monroe county, seventy years of age, has had a six weeks' illness, and his hair, which was quite white, has become a dark brown.

Thirteen handkerchiefs, four wallets, and two watches were found on a pickpocket who had been at work an hour in a St. Louis funeral assembly.

Dr. Wm. F. Carver, the American marksman, has made arrangements to shoot before His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at Sandringham, soon.

The Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain is taking steps for organizing a uniform system of spelling for the names of places throughout the world.

Jerome Bonaparte, the husband of the late Madame Patterson Bonaparte, was the first to introduce the waltz into Washington and Baltimore society.

Col S. D. Kirk, of Charleston, S. C., a member of the Southern press, is the nearest surviving relative of General Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox."

At the change of life nothing equals Hop Bitters to allay all troubles incident thereto.

In Texas the frontier lines have advanced a hundred miles in two years, and an area of 40 000 000 acres of good land opened for settlement. Counties are being organized now in a section which, two years ago, was three hundred miles from any court.

A correspondent writing from Guilford Conn., protests against classification of the oriole among mischievous birds. He says that he has frequently seen them tear open the nests of apple worms and devour them, and thinks that birds with pluck enough to destroy such disagreeable pests ought to be fostered rather than destroyed.

The Tortures of Neuralgia

These are being mitigated, and in a larger number of cases wholly removed, by the use of "Compound Oxygen," the new revitalizing agent which is now attracting such wide attention. Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Pope is making great reductions in his personal household, observing that it is useless to keep up an enormous kitchen where nothing is cooked. His dinner consists of a soup and one plat.

Serious Danger

Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and the most popular. Irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels encourage malaria, but these are speedily rectified by the Bitters. The functions of digestion and secretion are assisted by its use, and a vigorous as well as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Constitution and physique are thus defended against the inroads of malaria by this matchless preventive, which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

The Keystone Mattress,

advertised in another column is superior in all the requirements of an article of this character to anything now in the market. Its construction is such that it combines the highest possible degree of comfort with ease of handling, cleanliness, durability and cheapness. Wherever it has been introduced it has met with the greatest commendation and success.

The Phonographic Piano,

advertised in this issue is one of the most interesting and entertaining instruments ever invented. It will be found in all respects as represented, and our readers may be assured that it is well worth all that is asked for it. In no particular is its qualities overrated and for the purposes for which it is intended nothing at all comparable to it has ever been put before the public. For sale by T. J. Harbach, 809 Filbert street, Philadelphia.

Doctor's Bills

Saved by using M'Clelland's Homeopathic Remedies. They are prepared expressly for Families. Put up in neat one dollar cases and contains twelve (12) of the most prominent medicines with description of disease and full directions for use. We want an agent in every town and county to sell our remedies. Sample case with terms to agents sent, charges paid, for one dollar. Address MCCLELLAND & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOCIETY,
FOURTH AVENUE, COR. 22D STREET.
NEW YORK, March 4, 1879.

Messrs. Samuel Garry & Co:

A lotion ("SAPARULE") manufactured by you, has been given to me for the purpose of testing its curative effects on mankind and animals.

I have not had occasion to apply it to the latter, but I have done so to myself, and have received immediate relief.

Being an animal myself, I have every reason to believe that brute creatures would experience similar benefit from its use.

This Society will so employ it whenever the necessity shall present itself; and in the meantime I commend it to the patronage of all having need of relief from suffering.

HENRY BERGH, President.

To the Consumptive.—Let those who languish under the fatal severity of our climate through any pulmonary complaint, or even those who are in decided consumption, by no means despair. There is a safe and sure remedy at hand, and one easily tried. "Wilbor's Compound of Cod Liver Oil and Lime," without possessing the very nauseating flavor of the Oil as heretofore used, is endowed by the Phosphate of Lime with a healing property which renders the Oil doubly efficacious. Remarkable testimonials of its efficacy shown to those who desire to see them. Sold by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 25 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

No hospital needed for patients that use Hop Bitters, as they cure so speedily at home.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

OPIUM Habit cured at Home. No publicity. Cure painless. Terms reasonable. Three short, Tenth year of unparalleled success. 1,000 testimonials. State your case and address

DR. F. E. MARSH,
Quincy, Mich.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE,

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT SEATED IN THE

Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.

OVARIAN TUMOR

OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED

—BY—

DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

DR. RADWAY & CO.

32 Warren Street, New York.

CURE BY ABSORPTION

We do not care to ask readers to act contrary to their judgment as to what is good for them, but when you think you have sufficiently taxed your stomach by pouring into it nauseous drugs, turn your attention to that GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY,

"SAPANULE"

Get a bottle and test its marvellous power. It reaches every part of the organism, cleansing away all obstructions, drawing inflamed and impoverished blood from weak and diseased parts to the surface, and by absorption restoring the life-current purified to sustain and strengthen. Inflammation cannot live where SAPANULE is applied. It is a certain and prompt cure for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO or BACKACHE, and HEADACHE. No preparation ever offered to the public is so prompt and sure in Curing and Healing all accidents to the living organism. Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, new or old; Chilblains, Cold Sores, Boils, Piles of all kinds, Burns and Scalds, Bleeding and all accidents and diseases of the Head, Body or Feet, **"SAPANULE"** at once relieves and cures. Try it, and if not satisfied to call for your money and get it.

PINT and QUART BOTTLES 50 cents & $1.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LAZELL, MARCH & GARDINER, Wholesale Agents,

SAMUEL GERRY & CO., Proprietors,

237 Broadway, New York.

FITS CURED!! FREE!!

An infallible and unexcelled remedy for Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, warranted to effect a speedy and Permanent Cure. "A Free Bottle" of my renowned specific and a valuable Treatise sent to any sufferer sending me his Post-office and Express Address. DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl Street, N. Y.

Agents Wanted for

PARSON'S LAWS OF BUSINESS

The most valuable work of the kind published. Indorsed as such by CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE, HON. ALEX. H. STEPHENS, HON. STANLEY MATTHEWS and others. An accurate and plain epitome of all the Laws of all the States up to 1879, enabling every man to be his own ready lawyer. It sells at sight. For extra terms and exclusive territory, address, JONES BROS., & CO., No. 1003 Arch St., Philadelphia.

$25 to $5000 Judiciously invested in Wall St. lays the foundation for substantial fortune every week, and yields an immense percentage of profits by the New Combination System of operating in Stocks. Full explanation on application to ADAMS, BROWN & CO., Bankers, 20 & 22 Broad St., New York City.

50 Nice Assorted Scroll Cards, in different colors, 10c. postpaid. Scroll Card Co., Westville, Conn.

1 PACK 52 French Transparent Cards, securely sealed, postpaid, 30c., 2 packs 50c. Alling & Co., Durham, Ct.

50 CHROMO, Gold-Border &c, 10c, no 2 alike or 20 cupid cards 10c. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau N. Y.

NEW YORK HOTEL,

715—727 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

Price of Board and Rooms reduced to $3 per day, for transient guests.

The location of this favorite hotel is unsurpassed for convenience of men of business or families sojourning in the city.

No effort will be spared to maintain its established reputation for the excellence of its table and quiet home-like comforts.

H. CRANSTON & CO.

R. DOLLARD.

513

CHESTNUT ST.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Premier Artist

IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs. Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps. Inches.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear, round the forehead	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentleman's Hair.

A GOOD PLAN

Anybody can learn to make money rapidly operating in Stocks, by the "Two Unerring Rules for Success," in Messrs. Lawrence & Co.'s new circular. The combination method, which this firm has made so successful, enables people with large or small means to reap all the benefits of largest capital and best skill. Thousands of orders, in various sums, are pooled into one vast amount and co-operated as a mighty whole, thus securing to each shareholder all the advantages of the largest operator. Immense profits are divided monthly. Any amount, from $5 to $5,000, or more, can be used successfully. N. Y. Baptist Weekly, September 26th, 1878, says, "By the combination system $15 would make $75, or 5 per cent.; $50 pays $250, or 7 per cent. $100 makes $1,000, or 10 per cent. on the stock, during the month, according to the market." Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper June 28th: "The combination method of operating stocks is the most successful ever adopted." New York Independent, Sept. 12th: "The combination system is founded upon correct business principles, and no person need be without an income while it is kept working by Messrs. Lawrence & Co." Brooklyn Journal, April 26th: "Our editor made a net profit of $204.25 from $20 in one of Messrs. Lawrence & Co.'s combinations." New circular (mailed free) explains everything. Stocks and bonds wanted. Government bonds supplied. Lawrence & Co., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y.

THE GYROCHROME;

—OR—

Prismatic Top,

A new mechanical toy which pleases the artistic eye, as well as that of childhood. Will spin from 10 to 20 minutes according to the force used in starting it. No limit to the number of its color changes; it is impossible to produce the same combination of colors twice. Made entirely of metal it cannot be broken, while its countless changes make it always a new toy, and a source of infinite amusement. Price 25 cents. By mail 28 cents. Liberal discount to the trade. Send 2 cent stamp for circular. Agents Wanted.

American Manufacturing Co.,

120 EXCHANGE PLACE, PHILA.

THE TAMPICO BUSTS

now used in

DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET

and Skirt Supporter are the greatest improvement ever made in Corsets. They are soft as velvet, very flexible and contain no brass.

The FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,

(120 bones) fits with perfect ease and is Warranted not to break over the hips.

Price, - - $1.25.

For Sale by leading Merchants.

WARNER BRO'S,

351 Broadway, New York.

SAVE A DOLLAR!!

The Egyptian Fever, Ague and Liver Pad

is without any exception the best Pad in existence for the cure and prevention of all malarious diseases and the most wonderful medical discovery of the age. No medicine required. Cures by absorption. Send for pamphlet, which gives certificates of extraordinary cures performed by this Pad, mailed free. Ask your Druggist for the **Egyptian Pad** and take no other; if he has none, I will send you one by mail on receipt of price, $1. JOSEPH FLEMING, 84 Market street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Sole Agent for the United States.

JUDGE

For Yourself By sending 25 cents with age, height color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, Box 201, Fultonville, N. Y.

Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine and Pharmacy. Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles, Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints, etc. No clerks. Advice free.

15 Inches Long. 13 Inches Wide. 18 Inches High.

The Most Wonderful Musical Instrument of the Age.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC UPRIGHT PIANO.

WHICH PLAYS ANY TUNE THAT HAS EVER BEEN WRITTEN, IN A PURELY MECHANICAL MANNER, ON THE PRINCIPLE OF THE WONDERFUL PHONOGRAPH. The Phonographic Upright Piano is exactly represented by these engravings, and is probably the MOST WONDERFUL INSTRUMENT THAT HUMAN INGENUITY HAS EVER PRODUCED. The action is purely mechanical in every sense, and A CHILD OF TEN YEARS can play it as well as the most thorough musician. The cut showing the rear view of the instrument, gives a perfect idea of the principle—a long, endless (continuous) strip of prepared paper, in which the tune has been perforated is inserted between the rollers, and the door then closed; a small crank propels the strip of paper through the instrument, and in its passage over the keyboard the levers or strikers press through the perforations as they pass, the other end of the keys then strike the bars and produce the music, which is clear, loud and extremely sweet and melodious, and for QUALITY of music the Phonographic Upright Piano is unequalled. The most difficult waltzes and marches being played equally as well as a simple tune, and ANYONE can play it and UNDERSTAND IT, and it WILL NEVER GET OUT OF TUNE, which is one of the strongest points in its favor. In point of execution it will compare favorably with a $100 music box, and far better than any music box, the number of tunes it will play is ABSOLUTELY UNLIMITED. Everybody who has seen it is delighted with it, and musicians themselves praise it. At a family party it will furnish all the music required for dancing or accompaniments for singing. A fine selection of tunes go with each instrument; over 100 pieces of the most popular music have been adapted to the Phonographic Upright Piano, and new pieces will be furnished as fast as they come out at 15 CENTS PER TUNE. The Phonographic Upright Piano is finished in imitation of rosewood, with panels, handsome scroll work, and medallion head, and is an ornament to any room. There is scarcely anyone who does not like music in the house, and to the thousands who possess no piano, as well as to those who cannot play, the Phonographic Piano will fill a long-felt want. With it you always have ANY kind of music for ANY occasion, and it will afford genuine enjoyment far beyond its cost. They will be sent by express to any address on receipt of price, $5. A discount to the trade in dozen lots only. EVERY ONE WARRANTED. Be sure to ask for the UPRIGHT Phonographic Piano.

THEO. J. HARBACH, Manufacturer's Gen'l Agent, 809 Filbert St., Phil'a, Pa.

THREE TUNES ACCOMPANY EACH INSTRUMENT.

Durable, Comfortable, Cleanly, Healthful, and Economical, altogether the Most Desirable Spring Bed in Use.

ROBERT KELSO & CO.,

MANUFACTURER.

210 MARKET ST., - - Philadelphia.

Send for Circular and Price List.

SPRING SUMMER

JOHN WANAMAKER

THE

Unparalleled Success of

The Mail Department for Samples & Supplies

1 at the Grand Depot, during the past season, has necessitated an entire refitting of the interior of the large room devoted exclusively to executing orders received by mail. **8**

THE LARGEST DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING HOUSE.

Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Zephyrs, Fringes, Ribbons, Notions, Cloths,

Though you live a Thousand Miles from Philadelphia, you can purchase at the Grand Depot an entire outfit or the smallest article in Dry Goods, etc., with the greatest ease, and an absolute certainty of the same exact attention that is paid to customers who visit the establishment in person.

Ladies' Suits, Men's Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Linens, Flannels, Muslins, Stationery, Silverware, China, etc.

GRAND DEPOT

Precision, Promptness and Experience, combined with the highest regard for even the slightest wishes of those who order, and a now almost faultless system, peculiar to the Grand Depot only, make this the Model Department of its kind in America.

THIRTEENTH ST., CHESTNUT TO MARKET STS.

7 Send a Penny Postal Card, specifying what is desired, and by return mail you will receive, postage paid, samples of the newest styles of Goods, with the widths and lowest city prices, besides full particulars about ordering. **9**

PHILADELPHIA

JAMES H. BUNN,

Wall Paper & Window Shade Depot,

TWENTY-SECOND AND CHESTNUT STS.,

PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Orders by Mail and Decorative Work promptly attended to, in person.

AGENTS READ THIS

We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Samples free. Address SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

ELECTRIC BELTS.

A sure cure for nervous debility, premature decay exhaustion, etc. The only reliable cure. Circulars mailed free. Address J. K. REEVES, 49 Chatham St., N. Y.

1 PACK 52 French Transparent Cards, securely sealed, postpaid, 30c.; 2 packs 50c.; Cox & Co., Northford, Conn.

ANY LADY or Gent that sends us their address will receive something of great value free, by mail. Only about 200 left. M. YOUNG, 175 Greenwich St., New York.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

50 PERFUMED Chromo Scroll, Transparent & Flirtation cards, name in gold and jet, 10c. Outfit 10c. Agents wanted. Royal Card Co. Northford Ct.

50 Perfumed Snowflake Chromo, Motto &c. cards no 2 alike, name in gold and jet 10 cents. G. A. SPRING & CO., E. Wallingford, Conn.

60 CHROMO and Perfumed cards, no 2 alike, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc. CARDS, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U. S. Card Co., Northford, Conn.

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards with name, 10c postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

NOBBY SCENES, 6 for 10c., sent by mail sealed. GILBERT & CO., North Chatham, N. Y.

60 New Style Cards, Lilly, Chromo, Motto, Lace, Gold-edge, &c. Name in gold, 10c. Star Co. Clintonville, Ct.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE art of dressing well has been, and always will be, a most important question for discussion among women of all classes, from those who can afford to encourage the newest creations of the fashionable milliner to those who strive to see how they can present a decent appearance on a small sum. Between the women who spend all their time in thinking what they shall wear, and in trying each new fashion as soon as it appears, and those who are slovens, and who merely assume an indifference to dress to conceal untidiness of habits, there is a middle class, who think the time now given up to dress is unworthily employed, and yet have a certain regard for a neat appearance. They are therefore always hoping for some sort of costume which shall be graceful enough to bid defiance to fashion, and shall survive the changes of more than one or two seasons.

It has been suggested that dresses made after the Greek model would fulfil this want, and patterns of these dresses are now shown at certain shops in London. I fear, however, that this way out of the difficulty will not be very generally adopted. For, trying as the present mode of making dresses may be to bad figures, I cannot see how the Greek dresses would be an improvement. The truth is, that any lady can dress herself gracefully and plainly, choosing the simplest of the fashions which now exist. It is the anxiety which almost all women have to possess the first of everything, whether it be pretty or ugly, which tempts the milliners to exhaust their ingenuity in devising new inventions. Let us look at some of the modes which are now being worn, and see if there is not something among the great number of styles to choose from which shall at once be graceful and useful. In the first place, the fact must not be lost sight of that all women are not young and lovely; therefore young and old should not be attired alike. In this there is great room for reform.

There never was a time in which dress materials were so varied and so inexpensive as now. Cashmere, homespun, serge, alpaca and the innumerable fabrics which fill our shops, make it difficult to choose among them. But any one of these woollen materials, made up a plain Princesse dress, provides a young lady with a costume which is neat, inexpensive and useful, and fashionable enough to create no observation. This style of dress has been worn fourteen years or more, and yet is graceful to-day. Nothing can be more useful than a serge short dress for walking. I fear a dreuk dress would be as difficult to keep clear of the mud as our modern demi train. To say that because a thing is fashionable it is pretty, is not so far from the truth as may be supposed; for the invention must be becoming and sufficiently suitable to women of taste before it becomes a fashion. A beautiful young woman of the present day, dressed in the height of fashion, is decidedly an agreeable object to look upon, and that her beauty is heightened by her costume there is not a doubt.

The struggle for precedence between the closely-setting drapery and the bouffants still continues; neither is in the least carried to extremes by any of the leading elegantes or their modistes, and the paniers and pouls are so thoroughly kept below the hips, that, while adding to the graceful flow of the drapery, they do not make the figure itself appear any larger.

The paniers formed by a scarf or draped tunic, are infinitely more *a la mode* than those arranged by an extra fulness in the dress itself, as was the case with a few of the first attempts. The panier tunique, open in front and plaited up at the sides, and the panier echarge, plaited at the back and front, and forming a little bouffant at the sides, are decidedly the most becoming style for this fashion. There is ample choice in the shapes of bodices and arrangements of skirts for everyone to be dressed more or less fashionably, while in accordance with their own taste. The corsage a gilet is as fashionable as ever. The cuirass, the pointed bodice, with panier scarf to occupy the sides; the corsage habit with long pans at the back, joined, or open and attached together by a cascade of lace, flots of ribbons, bars of trimming, or the space occupied by a few plaitings—all these are worn by the leaders of fashion.

The trains of "Princesse" dresses are continued from the bodice, sufficient being left on a few inches below the waist to allow for the fulness necessary for the pouf and train, or the train breadths are added to any length, according to the arrangement of the rest of the skirt. The tablier raised at the sides and forming a point at the front, and side plaits being fastened into the seams or under the pouf, is much in favor.

Trains, or the whole skirt, cut in shapes at the lower edge over an inner flounce of plaiting of the same or different material, are effective and elegant; borders of tunics, or scarves, may also be finished in this way.

The short walking dress of the present season only emphasizes the features of last season. The Lavenue or fish-wife tunic is as fashionable as ever; the vest and jacket for out-door wear are more popularly worn than even last season, the jacket reproducing the style of Continental coat in the three buttons which fasten it across the chest, and in the cut-away skirt, which discloses the lower part of the vest, the vest having taken to itself the length and importance of the old-fashioned waistcoat, either in reality or appearance.

Woollen suits adopt the trimmed skirt with the vest and jacket as being much lighter for wear and much easier of adjustment than the overskirts. But overskirts are by no means discarded; they are employed for washing suits, except when it consists of a skirt and polonaise.

The beige shades are the most stylish of all colors for spring wear, and are made becoming to any complexion by the wide, soft white muslin ties which are used for the neck, or the dark contrast in trimming material, such as brocade or velvet, which is employed for collar, cuffs and vest. The pure beige shades are indeed, much less trying to the complexion than the purple shades in navy blue, the red wine shades and the tan and coffee shades in brown.

The printed challis and the Pompadour cottons, as well as the Organdy muslins, which are coming in again, will be made up to us in a fashion totally new to us in this nineteenth century, but a revival of the modes of the eighteenth. It is almost indescribable, but found favor in Paris about 1788. The flounces are wide, full, and gathered, and the skirt above is festooned perpendicularly but irregularly, the soft material falling gracefully. Turkey red is to be mixed with Holland and unbleached sheeting. Some of the skirts have three kilt plaitings from the waist in front of the red twill, with pockets, cuffs, and bindings to the tunics also in red, the said tunics at the back falling in a sort of jolly-bag hood. Mantelets made of the same materials are the dress are the fashion of the day. Mr. Wanamaker has an extensive variety of Pompadour cottons of charming design, copied it would seem, from the materials worn in the French court of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., the sprigs being the similies from those which appear on Sevres and Dresden China. They are so silky in appearance that they are now much used for dinner wear, with plain colored sateen of most delicate coloring.

Among the most admired costumes recently displayed at the Grand Depot, are the white muslin dresses trimmed with Breton lace which seems to have almost banished from us the long popular Valenciennes lace, although that is seen on some of the white costumes. The drapery is decidedly more bouffant and elaborately ornamented with knots of ribbon, in which several colors combined, and the lovely brocade ribbons divide popularity.

Among the notable dress goods are the all wool *Hernanis*, or coarse mesh grenadine with a lace-like design in stripes or small figures. Mr. Wanamaker shows them in all the popular shades, peacock and gendarme blue, ivory white, cream sage, olive green, brown, claret, plum and black. They seem well adapted for useful, durable summer dresses, and will undoubtedly be very much used. The black ones are excellent in shade and quality, and equally suitable for mourning or otherwise. They are all 50 cents a yard and three quarters in width.

With regard to bonnets, there is neither preference for, nor exclusion of any shape shown. There are now satin finished straws, and new tinted French chips in shades to match, the new costumes, such as blue, tan, biege, etc. The gendarme blue continues to be worn, and there is a new red, brighter than cardinal, known as "Prince of Wales." The colors that will be most generally used are tan, cream, and biege, with some light yellow tints, and the feature of the season will be the use of these colors in very light tints, brightened by combining them with very dark red or blue. Thus the ribbon on the bonnet will be dark gendarme blue, and the flowers the palest cream colors, or else the trimming satin will be navy, and the flowers dark red artemisias in two or three shades.

Fireside Chat.

SUMMER DECORATION FOR FIRE GRATES.

THE days are growing longer and brighter, and soon we may hope to be enjoying the warmth of the sunny spring. Probably our old friend and comforter, the cheery fire, will not then be accorded the same smiles and endearing terms of welcome as now; but, on the contrary, most neat and tidy housewives will, with pardonable inconstancy be anxious to instal a new acquaintance in the cosy nook. Each year it becomes quite a question what to select for the decoration of our fire stoves; for, although a tastefully arranged pyramid of coals, paper, and sticks may, in the course of time, justly earn for itself the present all enviable appellation of "antique." An empty grate, too, presents a very barren and unfinished appearance. Perhaps, from the fact of our fires exerting such a salutary and sympathetic influence on us during the winter months, its customary domicile seems naturally to attract a glance when entering a room, even in the summer time, and often much of the character and taste of the family circle may be gathered from the condition of its provender. Different colored and shaded chip and cut papers may be purchased in great abundance at a small expense; but these have enjoyed so long an existence that most people are thoroughly weary of them. In some houses, where many of the fire-places are well furnished with valance and curtains, these are simply drawn; but, unless the room be very large, the above mode seems heavy and oppressive. By the sacrifice of a little time and thought, perhaps, a far more satisfactory result may easily be attained. For a dining room or library, where the furniture is composed of old oak and rich drapery, a very good ornament may be quickly constructed. Purchase a sheet of brightly polished tin or zinc, and have it cut to the shape of a shield. In the centre of this should be pasted the crest or some such device, and a mosaic border round the edge. The best paints to use are the ordinary common powders sold by oilmen, and mixed with a little gum. A good combination of colors being scarlet, blue, yellow, black and white. When complete, the shield should be hung on the top bar of the grate by two long wire hooks attached for the purpose at the back, similar to those on a fire-guard. Should this design be adopted for a drawing room, let the shield, ere adding the centre group of flowers, birds and butterflies, or crest, be painted either white, blue, gold, or silver, and it will be found to have a lighter appearance, and more suitable for the purpose. Bessemer gold and silver may be recommended as an excellent preparation. To those who are not accustomed to the use of a paint brush, let the device be cut out of cloth or colored paper, and fastened on by gum. The effect will be pleasing, although the palettes will have the advantage, and their work remain good for several summers. Peacock's feathers form a very effective screen in harmony with the furniture of most drawing rooms. Make a frame the size of the fireplace—either wood or stout wire will answer for supports—and stretch across a strong piece of black muslin. The head, breast, and legs of the peacock, giving a front view of the bird, should be worked on canvas, or else with long stitches on silk, slightly padded and sewn on to the lower part of the frame. The feathers should be fastened on the frame also, and arranged so as to cover it completely, thereby representing the expanded tail of the bird. Should time not permit the working of the peacock's head, &c., a rosette of bright ribbon may be substituted. The result may be pretty, although not nearly so satisfactory. Housewives with whom the feathers may not find favor may let the frame be covered by a very delicate tinted blue, pink, or grey sateen and gay flowers, birds, or figures cut from cretonne, pasted on and just enlivened by a few stitches of silk. A transparency looks very well, the material being a fine tarletan of dark blue, brown, or black, with selections from bright-colored chints gummed on the back. For a nursery a board can be painted black, and scraps of engravings fastened on; or the board may be entirely covered by the scraps. A little knowledge of sketching may be utilized, and much taste exercised in forming a very uncommon screen for the grate, the foundation being brown paper, which can be purchased by the yard, and is very wide. On this should be portrayed a pretty landscape—for instance, a waterfall, mountain glen, or old ruin. The paints used are of the same description as those recommended for the tin shields; only size should be substituted for the gum. A pretty folding screen of three or four leaves, standing about two feet six inches high, entirely covered by scraps, colored or otherwise, or else with a ground work of dark paper, forms a useful addition to the furniture of the room, and is an excellent mode of hiding the desolate grate. Instead of being covered by scraps, the decoration may be of splash-work, or else pressed ferns gummed on and then varnished. A small banner embroidered with crewels, or else applique, on either crash, sateen, or bunting, and mounted by cords on a short pole, has a very pretty effect; also may a Japanese umbrella be well utilized for the same purpose, by cutting the handle short and fixing it in the grate. A looking-glass, mounted in a broad band of crimson velvet, or else un mounted, and fitted to the front of the stove, will be sure to give pleasure; but if desired for a drawing room or boudoir, instal in lieu of a louder a long wicker basket, painted gold and white, and filled by dried flowers and ferns in pots, or else dried ferns and grass. Two sheets of plain glass, with pressed ferns, everlasting flowers, and butterflies between, has a graceful appearance. Instead of a glass may be fixed a board, covered by crimson or purple velvet, with small supports for old china. At the back a slightly raised dais, of either velvet or looking glass, on which can be placed large china bowls of pot pourri. Having procured two or three breadths of two shades of pink, blue, or pale mauve turletan, tightly arrange them in long folds of alternate shades in the shape of an apron, and attach to the register at the top of the stove. A few brightly painted butterflies—for instance the Admiral, Vanessa, or swallow-tail, must then be tastefully dotted here and there. These tarletan aprons will look very elegant and most suitable to the drawing room. The butterflies are very simply manufactured, the materials required being a few white duck or hen feathers for the wings, and which should be painted after they are mounted; also a small quantity of wire and floss silk for the body and antennæ. The body should be made of wire and a little cotton wool, the floss silk afterwards twisted round. Instead of butterflies, a pot of ivy may be concealed behind the apron, and the long trailing sprays carelessly thrown across. Again busy fingers, clever with the needle, may exercise their ingenuity by purchasing a yard and a half of white curtain net, which is made quite plain, very coarse, and wide. On this may be darned, in two or three shades of scarlet crewel, clusters of coral and seaweeds, afterwards to take the form of an airy drapery over a very pale green foundation. This design will be found very economical, for the scarlet crewels and net will wash well, and still look light and fresh. Long sprays of creepers, green and brown ferns, and many favorite blossoms can be easily darned; but it intended to be eventually trusted to the care of the laundress, it would be desirable to test the quality of the crewels, and so avoid disappointment. The net looks very well darned simply with the thick white cotton, made for the purpose, and thrown over a light blue or rich pink batiste; but then it is more suited to a bed room, and where also very open netting and knitting may be used, wearing well for many years. If of netting, the apron should be made lengthways, about a dozen rows being done on a large mesh and two or three on the smaller, colored cotton being used for the small mesh, has a good effect. A pointed border may finish the end of apron and some little tassels of the cotton. The coarse white crinoline muslin suits any room. It should be torn in strips and unravelled until about four threads are left in the centre. The background and louder should be filled by the ravellings, and the long strips slightly twisted attached to the register, and allowed to fall like a cluster of curls, adding a small gaudy plumaged bird or a few flowers to give life. A very large fan may be made at a small expense, and with a little trouble. It will be adapted to the purpose of shielding the stove, and should be placed just carelessly across the front. The semi-circular piece should be formed from cardboard or dark linen on a frame of wire. The supports and handles can be made of thin splinters of wood, whalebone or ribbon wire. A pretty design of flowers, views, selections from poets, fables (such as "The Tortoise and the Hare" may be sketched in a showy manner; if on cardboard, colors should be used, but white paint on the linen. A bachelor's room should be decorated in accordance with the known favorite tastes of the occupant. In country bed-rooms a curtain of the white awning, with stripes of scarlet and black, has a comfortable and cheering air, and can easily be drawn across the mantelpiece by a few rings on a brass stair-rod.

The residence of ex-Governor Shephard, of Washington, recently recently rented by Senator Cameron at $6,000 a year, is said to be the most elegantly furnished private house at the Capital.

Miss Wordsworth, daughter of the Bishop of Lincoln, and grand niece of the poet, is to be lady principal of the college for young ladies proposed to be established shortly at Oxford.

Answers to Inquirers.

M. R. (Monroe, N. Y.)—The origin of the custom is unknown.

READ, (Passex, N. J.)—To die intestate means to die without a will.

BEN HOUSE, (Rockingham, N. H.)—Under the circumstances it would be illegal.

LAWYER, (Fall River, Mass.)—Andrew Johnson was impeached, but not convicted.

GORDON, (Tioga, Pa.)—Tell her the state of your feelings. Your chances ought to be good.

MARY, (Moorestown, N. J.)—The Main Exhibition building, Fairmount Park, is still standing.

P. L. (Mercer, Mo.)—Your frank and candid admirer seems to us to be preferable to the reserved one.

MAMA, (Harrison, Ind.)—A moss rose signifies "hidden love;" white violet, "modesty;" blue, "candor."

BARNWELL, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—U. S. Grant was the youngest President of the United States at the time of taking his seat.

A. B. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The height of St. Paul's is four hundred and four feet. Salisbury Cathedral is four hundred and ten feet.

F. O. (Hamilton, Minn.)—Eton College was founded by Henry the Sixth; and numerous endowments have since been added to the original charity.

O. K. (Wades, S. C.)—You might try equal parts of the ingredients. The simplest way would be to get the limes and by merely squeezing them extract the juice.

S. A. (Berks, Pa.)—The meaning of the name Herbert (German in origin) is a "bright lord." The signification of the other names you mention is unknown.

I. M. F. (Hadensville, Va.)—Your own good sense ought to tell you that it is wrong for a young lady to correspond with a married gentleman in a clandestine manner.

NUN, (New Orleans, La.)—The dictum of society is that a widow shall wear mourning for at least one year; she may, with propriety, marry after the end of the first year.

LOUISA PRICE, (Erie, N. Y.)—No depilitory is at all safe in the matter. The reason of the hair turning white so early can only be attributed to a diseased state of the skin.

T. H. R. (Audubon, Iowa.)—A man may marry in his stepfather's name, when it is the one which he himself has long borne and is generally called and known by.

DOUBT, (New York, N. Y.)—You are justly in doubt. The expression "the fierce light that beats upon a throne" does not occur in Moore's "Lallah Rookh," but in Tennyson.

N. O. (Yadkin, N. C.)—All you can do is to write to her, explain the circumstances which led you so inadvertantly to walk with the other young lady, and solicit her forgiveness.

H. M. (Pleasant Gap, Pa.)—We do not know positively as to the two first you speak of, but the Reeves' Electric Belt is said to be all that can be required in an article of this kind.

L. O. K. (Posey, Ind.)—From the fact that alloys are used in all coins made from the precious metals, the making of the silver dollar, counting expenses of all kinds, costs the United States its full value.

C. W. (Camden, N. J.)—You are liable and must make an arrangement. The better plan would be to pay the sum of money and have done with it. Get a lawyer to draw up a paper, His fee would be very trifling.

A. C. (Monroe, Miss.)—As we do not know the cause of the eruption we cannot advise you what to take to remove it. Superfluous hair can only be removed permanently by pulling out each hair separately with tweezers.

JESSE I. (Camp Colorado, Tex.)—Your best course would be to send a description of the coin to a coin collector or numismatist. If you know of none we will forward you the address by your sending an addressed postal card.

CURIOUS, (Starke, Ind.)—Queen Alexandrina Victoria, of England, belongs to the House of Guelph, being the daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent and Strathearn and Earl of Dublin in Ireland (fourth son of George the Third.)

K. S. (Marion, Ark.)—The young lady most certainly behaved in a selfish and ungenerous way towards you; but we could not possibly counsel you to any revenge against her. A man must be above revenging himself upon a woman.

ROGER, (Penobscot, Me.)—The particular qualification in which, according to your note, you are deficient is the essence of the requirement. Its absence cannot be supplied by the possession even of a thousand other qualifications of a different nature.

CLERK, (San Mateo, Cal.)—The present population of China is probably about 400,000,000. According to a late census, believed to be reliable, the inhabitants numbered 382,177,183, spread over an area of 1,297,999 square miles, or 295 to the square mile.

L. B. (Lansing, Mich.)—Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age than the ridiculing of an honorable love. Many puppies in fashionable life think it fine and fascinating to sneer at true affection; but such creatures are beneath contempt.

HAMILTON, (Henry, Ky.)—Besides Stromboli other celebrated volcanoes are Coledrai, in Peru; Mount St. Elias, in Alaska; Mount Vesuvius, just back of Naples, and Mount Hecla in Iceland, the latter a mountain of fire in a land of snow and ice.

PORMATE, (Kaye, Ill.)—The allusion is to the elephant, which is said certainly will get drunk. From the book of Maccabees war elephants seem to have been maddened with new wine of old as they have been and are with arrack down to our own days.

A. O. G. (Downingtown, Pa.)—The true meaning of the phrase, "The exception proves the rule" is that an apparent exception tests the rule, the word "prove" being used as in the scriptural injunction to "prove all things" and "hold fast that which is good."

S. H. Mes, (Port Deposit, Md.)—In this part of the country, although we made very diligent inquiry, "May baskets" and the proper time for hanging them appear to be unknown. Write again and explain what they are and what is the object of hanging them.

NECKAM, (Brown, O.)—According to tradition, William Tell lived at Burgeln, in the canton of Uri, Switzerland. He was born about the year 1360, and was drowned in 1561, while trying to save a boy's life. There undoubtedly was a William Tell, but all the account we have of him is traditional.

E. T. (Farmdale, Va.)—If you "never can make up your mind about anything," what would be the use of our giving you advice? You, of course, would be unable to make up your mind to follow it. Still, we will venture on a small bit of advice, and that is, "learn to make up your mind about everything."

C. W. W. (Wadesboro, N. C.)—Chocolate generally is a very healthy beverage. Your inquiry about "cocoa leaf" is not made clear. Cod liver oil, particularly for a person inclined to or affected by lung disease is beneficial. The result is to fatten the drinker, and it may be regarded as a valuable medicine.

IOWA, (Washington, D. C.)—The members of the Confederate Cabinet were: Robert Toombs of Georgia, Secretary of State; Charles G. Memminger, of South Carolina, Secretary of Treasury; Leroy P. Walker, Alabama, Secretary of War; Stephen R. Mallory, of Florida, Secretary of Navy; John H. Reagan, of Texas, Postmaster-General; Judah P. Benjamin, Attorney-General.

C. R. B. (Boiling Springs, Pa.)—The first two phrases are expressions from French fairy tales "Tom Thumb and "Puss in Boots." Translated they read "The ogre slept and Tom drew from his feet the seven league boots" and "Help! help! See! The Marquis of Carabas is hurting himself or drowning!" Your last is a mixture of French and Latin that has no connected sense whatever, although taken separately the words have each a meaning.

NATION, (Mecklenburg, Va.)—If you have engaged the affections of the first lady and promised to wed her, your own sense of honor should tell you that you ought to marry her. If, however, she loves you no more or better than the other, we think the latter's better circumstances would only add to future happiness. As a general rule we think it wiser to marry for love than money, but where the two come together the union is certainly no bar to married comfort or bliss.